CHICAGO LEDGER

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WELDING THE BLACK MENACE

A Powerful Story of an International Conspiracy Against the U. S.

By Augustin W. Breeden

"Bah," said Von Keller, "we will train the African negro to fight our battles for us. That can be done. Military science is the one thing that inferior races learn from superior ones very quickly. It would take three centuries to teach an African to appreciate the poetry of Goethe or the music of Mozart, but you can teach him the art of Hindenburg and Von Moltke in a very short time."—***An interesting excerpt from the story "Welding the Black Menace," page 3.***

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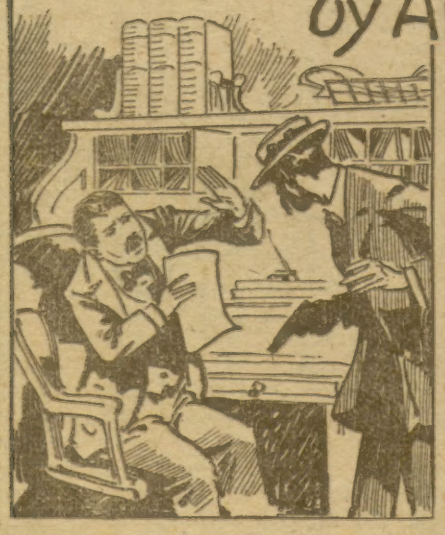
Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 39

The Carbon Copy

by Arthur Leeds



"NO, CARSON—for God's sake—not yet! Not till I've told you something! It means the chair for you, almost certainly, if you do! I tell you, man, you're as good as sentenced for my murder the moment you press that trigger!"

Stillman's voice rose in a shrieking crescendo as he fairly vomited his frantic appeal for mercy, but it cracked on the last word and he gulped painfully, his whole body trembling with the realization of a long-expected horror.

Carson's reply was to spring backward and touch the wall-button that extinguished the overhead light which flooded the office. That left only the brass-hooded desk-lamp burning. Still keeping the other covered with the automatic gripped in his right hand, he turned the shade of the desk-lamp so that its rays fell squarely upon his cringing enemy, leaving the rest of the room in almost total darkness. Out of the darkness sounded the death knell of the avenger.

"That's exactly the way I've always planned to have you die! I could have shot you down a score of times during the past month, but I didn't want to do it when you didn't know it was coming. Now, I'm here—in your own office—and death lies in my right hand! You know it's there, and you know it's coming! Look at me! You can't see me, perhaps, but look at me! I want to look right into your eyes as this little bit of metal tears thru your brain—that brain that has planned so skilfully—so evilly—for all these years! Look at me, d—n you! and pray—if you know how!"

"Carson, please listen! I didn't——"

"I don't care what you didn't do; I remember only what you did! Well, she's dead—and you're about to die. It was all too long ago for any one to connect me with your death now. And we—her daughter and I—are too far away to be troubled by anything that may happen here tonight. When I take the boat tomorrow to go back to my little girl and my work, this will all seem like a bad dream, that's all. I'm as secure as tho a bolt from Heaven were about to strike you down. A life for a life, then, and for me the knowledge that I've had my revenge! If you're ready, well——"

There was not a tremor of his hand as he raised the automatic. The other man felt rather than saw the movement that was to drop the curtain on his unwholesome career. He braced himself for a final, desperate appeal. His right hand went up to the inner breast-pocket of his coat.

"Carson—read this—take it and read it, and then——"

As his hand disappeared inside the coat, the other man's muscles went taut.

"So that's where you carry it! Well, you'll never pull that on me!"

A red spurt of flame out of the darkness and an ear-splitting roar reverberated thru the office and the adjoining room. Stillman's right hand, holding an envelope, was ripped out from beneath his coat. The hand waved up and down for a moment as one waves farewell from the deck of a departing ship; Carson almost laughed as he watched it. Then Stillman dropped to his knees and rolled gently over, lying in a curled-up heap on the rug beside the desk, a thin stream of blood running from his mouth and over the hand that held the envelope. Carson knew that in that part of the office building, and at that time, the shot would not be heard, even in the comparative silence of the lower New York night. He was interested in what the other's hand was holding, now that he realized it had not held a revolver. He went over to the dead man and snatched the envelope from the clutching hand.

It contained a thin sheet of paper—it was plainly the carbon copy of a typed sheet—and it read thus:

To Police Commissioner Hendry.

Sir: The writer, James Foster Stillman, has only one enemy who hates him enough to wish to take his life. He has good reason to believe that that enemy—whose name, together with information regarding the position he now holds in the South American business world, will be found in the inclosed envelope—will attempt to kill him some time during the next two weeks. Accompanying this man's name and address will be found an outline of the circumstances which, the writer believes, will cause his enemy to attempt his life, from motives of revenge. It is earnestly requested that the inclosed letter shall not be opened unless the death of the writer is brought about in such a manner as to point indisputably to murder.

JAMES F. STILLMAN.

It's toasted. This one extra process gives a delightful quality that can not be duplicated

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY

Readers having problems which they intend to submit to Miss Grey are advised that the response to her department has been so generous that several months will elapse before answers to queries coming in even at this date can be printed. Many questions thus far sent in are duplicates, however, of others, and perhaps YOUR problem may find its answer in the solution of some one else. If you have a problem it will pay you to watch this column.

My Dear Miss Victoria Grey: Papa is insisting that the sun is a ball (as he calls it) composed of solid radium! He says that the radium sun is electrifying the entire universe! He says that if it weren't for the electric waves in the sun's rays, that life, all life would be extinct.

Pa says that the electric waves in the sun's rays are penetrating thru our globe as easily as a horseshoe magnet's magnetism penetrates glass! Pa says that the moon is also composed of some electric metals (not as powerful as radium) which on account of the electric sun's radium waves is compelled to revolve around the earth once a month! Pa also says that the radium electric sun rays combine with the moon's electric power and compel the earth to revolve upon itself once every twenty-four hours! Could you interest some university professors to give judgment upon pa's reasoning? Yours with respect, MISS E. J. G.

Pa is right in the following respect: The sun is a ball; the moon revolves about the earth once every twenty-four days; the earth rotates on its own axis once every twenty-four hours. As for the other statements pa makes, well—here goes!

I called up all the astronomy professors but they are all on their vacations as this is the summer season. However, I myself, have recently taken three courses at the university. Of course all these questions were thrashed out in class many and more times.

1. The sun is composed of the very same metals and elements that form the earth. This has been determined by a little instrument called the spectroscope. It shows up the presence of iron, sulphur, etc., by little differently colored lines. As the sun is still hot, all its constituents are in molten form, or melted, or rather vaporized.

2. It is the heat waves from the sun and not electric waves, that make life possible. The heat waves penetrate our globe.

3. There is a law in science that bodies continue in their state of rest or of motion in a straight line unless compelled by some external force to change that state. This tendency is named "inertia." Well, the moon was going along in a nice, straight line when it got near the earth. The earth attracted it by its gravity and that of the moon, and did so sufficiently to swerve the course of the moon so that the moon is flying around the earth, and its speed determines the distance it is from the earth.

As for the attraction called gravity, did you know that every article or material or body attracts every other body in the whole world? The more matter in the bodies, the greater and stronger the attraction; also, the nearer the bodies are to each other, the greater and stronger is the attraction. This was proven by dropping a ball of lead from the top of the great Leaning Tower of Pisa. This tower leans at an angle with the ground. The ball landed on the ground some distance within a straight line from the top, showing that the tower drew the ball toward it just a bit; exerted gravity, in other words.

Whirl around on your foot holding a ball on a rubber string. The faster you whirl, the further the ball will go from you as it revolves. Or, while the ball by the rubber string in your fingers. The faster you whirl it the more the rubber will lengthen out; but slow down and the ball will come nearer as it whirls. That is the way the moon whirls about the earth. That is, the rubber string corresponds to the gravity between the earth and moon, but the speed of the moon partially counteracts this gravity. The earth revolves, or rather speeds about the sun in just this same way, and it is suspected that the sun and all her chicks including the earth, is speeding about a much greater sun called Vega. For we have all been traveling straight toward this giant of giant stars (or suns) with a tremendous speed.

—

Dear Victoria Grey: I am bringing my problem to you. Will you please, please help me? My greatest trouble is shyness and lack of self-confidence. I am one of those unfortunate people who continually ask themselves, "Did I do that right?" "What will people think?" or "I wonder if that sounded silly?" Ye gods, if you can give me a remedy, I shall be eternally grateful.

If a young girl, traveling alone gets into a strange city at night and wants to spend the night at a hotel, how should she go about it? How should she find her way and whom should she ask to direct her? How should she register? What amount should she tip the bell-boy and waiter? Should she pay for the room upon arriving? Please tell me all about it. I AM GREEN.

Why should you want to change that "lack of self-confidence?" I think it a charming asset, for one. I know a great Shakespearean actor who assumes that very lack of self-confidence. He even practiced for years in blushing. He hated the boldness that always, sooner or later, descends upon actors, and altho, after his years of experience, he did not feel shrinking and shy, he wanted to appear so. However, if you must overcome it, just simply make it a point to meet lots of people. If you see some one you know across the street, instead of thanking the gods you are on the other side, simply make yourself cross over and talk with them. You will have a few upsetting experiences in doing so, but stick to it.

There are cloth covered books called "Hotel Guides" on the train. Ask the porter to let you see one. It has a classified list of hotels in nearly every town on the line. Choose the one at which you wish to stay. In getting off the train go to the station agent at the ticket window and ask to be directed to the hotel. Once inside the doors of the hotel, go up to the desk and tell the clerk there you want a room over night. He will then push a large blank book toward you and all you have to do is write your name and the town or city where you live. That is all there is to registering. If you have no suitcase or trunk with you, you must pay in advance. Otherwise you settle up when you leave the hotel. When you have registered the clerk will send a bell-boy up with you to carry your suitcase, show you your room and give you the key. The bell-boy expects a dime. Every time he does something for you he expects a dime.

A waiter should be given one-tenth of what your meal costs you. If your dinner is a dollar, pay $1.10; the extra ten cents goes to the waiter. If the meal cost less than a dollar, it is customary to tip a dime anyway. If the meal is $2, the waiter gets twenty cents. Never give more than a 10 per cent tip, as it would brand you as being an amateur—except, as before stated, when the meal amounts to less than a dollar. By the way, you have a very artistic handwriting. I certainly congratulate you.

—

Dear Miss Grey: I recently invited a friend of mine to drink tea with me in the tearoom of a department store. She seized the check when the waiter placed it on the table and paid for the repast. I was so astonished I did not say a word, but I felt about as insulted as a person can feel, because I figured she thought she was financially better able to pay than I. Am I right in feeling it was not the proper thing for her to do? HURT.

It is wrong, when invited to tea or dinner to attempt to pay the bill or any part of it. If your guest was a very old and tried friend of yours there would have been no wrong in her saying like, "Oh, let's go halves on this," or "Won't you let me have the pleasure?" It isn't any less a breach, but old, tried friends understand each others motives for such breaches as efforts to please.

You should have whispered to the waiter, in giving your order, asking him to give the check to you. As it was, he did not know who was the hostess.

Irish Army Surgeon—Two of your wounds are fatal. But the third you need have no fear about. A month's good nursing will cure it.

Welding the Black Menace

by Augustin W Breeden

HAROLD MORTIMER, American adventurer, came up out of the Paris subway at the Port d'Auteuil, passed outside the city walls, and strolled aimlessly in the general direction of the Seine and the historic suburb of St. Cloud. It was a bright day of early April, and the Bois de Boulogne was bright green with grass underfoot and moss on the boles of the trees. A breath of west wind, whispering of spring, made his blood leap and fired his imagination with dreams of far-off places.

Finding himself at length on the Seine bank, Harold turned up the river and continued to stroll aimlessly. Then he noticed a little way ahead of him and strolling in the same direction but not so rapidly, a lady. She was dressed in black, and Harold at first believed her to be a nun or a war widow; but when she turned so as to observe two charming children playing on the grassy river bank, he saw that her face was completely veiled in the manner of Arabian women. Harold felt himself faintly interested and quickened his steps somewhat. Then at a corner, where she turned to the left toward the suburb of Boulogne, he managed to come face to face with her. Her face was deeply swathed in black except the eyes, and the eyes were veiled thinly, but gleamed for an instant toward him like jewels lying at the bottom of a limpid pool.

The blood of Harold Mortimer was always stirred by the feel of spring in the air; and now he felt himself in a lazy but receptive mood, ready for any adventure that might offer. In this mood he had noted the grace of this woman, her panther-like step, the lift of her shoulders, the delicacy of her small ankles; and he guessed the lovely contour of her face beneath the swathing veils. She was not a tall woman, hardly taller than the average of the French women whom he knew, but there was that about her that he had seldom observed in any French woman, a certain indefinable air of distinction. She moved like a queen.

Harold managed to fall in behind her once more. "What if she does observe that I am following her?" he mused. "There are very few foreign women who are not flattered by such doubtful attention from a distinguished looking stranger; and I at least have the height and the breadth of shoulder that makes for distinction, even if I do have a chili bean for a head and not brains enough to keep out of a serious scrape for more than six months at a time."

He followed her on, keeping however, to the opposite walk, and presently saw her turn in at a high grilled gate, which upon her approach opened as if by magic just enough to let her enter. The brick wall in which the gate was set was ten feet high, and the bronze grillwork of the gate was so intricate and closely wrought that only by applying his eye to one of the tiny openings could Harold have seen inside the grounds which she entered. But over the top of the gate he saw great elms and beeches and set well back amongst them a two or three storied house of rather queer and ornate architecture.

"Gentlemen, Before You Can Make the Congo and the Soudan and the Niger Regions Safe and Sanitary You Must Wrest Them From the French, the Belgians and the British —Three Pure White Races—and When You Try It, Look Out." The Old Man Spoke Very Calmly, in a Tone of Certitude.

"If she lives here," he thought to himself with a crooked smile, "then she may be a great lady—a personage—and I may get a polite request from some French official to be more careful about whom I shadow up and down the streets. But if she is a great lady, so much the better. Spring has come and it is time for my regular spring adventure."

Harold crossed the narrow street in an unconcerned manner and casually studied the grillwork of the gate where the lady of his prospective intrigue had entered. He saw upon coming close that the grillwork of the gate was made up of innumerable birds, bees and flowers and of a thousand texts from the Koran. "Ia ilaha all Allah," he muttered to himself with a smile. "There is no God but Mohammed and Jehovah is his prophet." Then he walked away toward the nearest gate of Paris, entered the prosaic subway at the romantically named station of Michel Ange, and was soon sipping vermuth in front of the Cafe de la Paix hard by the Opera.

"Hullo, Harry!" He felt a hearty American slap on the back, and big Dan McDonough materialized out of the milling crowd.

"Have a seat, Dan. What you drinking?"

"Oh, the same I reckon. Where you been all the early afternoon? I looked you up at the Grand, and they said you'd been out since luncheon."

Harold gave a brief and rather humorous account of the day's adventure. Dan grinned.

"A burnt child dreads the fire," he quoted. "That is to say, some burnt children do. Others lap it up. By the way, when are you going to walk boldly up and ring the bell at that grilled gate?"

"I would have done so today," smiled Harold, "only there wasn't any bell handle visible."

"Name a dog Advice and nobody will steal him," growled big Dan. "Harold, you have a sister over in the States that's the best little tennis player in New England, the best yachtman on the coast, and the best little sport in America; and you have a father that would grieve to see you brought home with toes turned toward the stars, and a step-mother that's as fond of you as if she were your real mother, or—excuse me—your sister; and then besides there's Julia."

"Please don't mention Julia in this connection, Little Danny."

"But I will mention her," said Big Dan. "Harry, it's a shame the way you treat that girl. If I were a Beau Brummel like you I'd pitch in and make life miserable for you in that quarter. Say, what do you expect? That you shall take your youthful holiday gallivantin' all over the globe, and that she shall sit quietly at home with folded hands and wait for you to come home and claim her when you are old and bald and toothless and blase? Fie for shame, Harry. Where's your sportsmanship?"

"Shut up, you big galoot! When I want to hear a sermon I go to church. If you want to try to win Miss Julia Wentworth I give you a la carte, as O. Henry says. But seriously, Dan, you do not understand; you do not savvy the understanding, or rather the misunderstanding, between Miss Julia and me. Once or twice in my saner moments I have longed for the vine-clad veranda and the china blue nursery and the odor of a kitchen range, but when I have mentioned such little matters to Julia she has waved them aside and said, if not in so many words, at least by implication: 'Go, have your fling and get all the wildness out of your blood, because I don't aim to break up housekeeping and go globe-trotting with you every time the whip-poor-will calls.'

"And really, Dan, I think you paint me in your thoughts much blacker than I really am. I am not a Don Juan. I love adventure, that is all. Give me a man's adventure—I mean an adventure among men that are men—and I'll leave every woman in the world behind and go after it. But what are the men, after all, but a lot of heavy-feeding, heavy-drinking, predatory animals? From your small shopkeeper or local politician at the bottom to David Lloyd George at the top, what romance is to be found amongst us? But the ladies scheme and dream. The ladies are idealists; and I love an ideal. I love a dream, no matter how impossible; I love a scheme, no matter how unlikely it is of fulfillment; I love a plot, an intrigue, a—something with the spice of daring and far-off places and glittering reward in it. Oh, darn this ordered life of ours! It makes me sick!"

With an impulsive gesture Harold Mortimer flung a pile of pay-saucers from him, and they fell smashing upon the pavement.

"There, now," he laughed ruefully, "you got me excited and made me break up the crockery. "Oh, dam, oh, dam, oh, damsel, veiled and mysterious, I shall certainly linger near thy bower in the gloaming, shadow thee about the muddy streets of Boulogne, and—who knows?—perhaps serenade thee in the dusk with the festive ukulele."

He began to hum the Bedouin's Love Song:

"From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire!
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire!"

A man humming a foreign song in a fine baritone voice will attract attention even in front of the Cafe de la Paix in Paris, and in an instant Harold found his table the center of an idly curious throng.

"Hist," warned Dan in a mock tragic tone. "Hist, and likewise taizzes vous, or the manager of yon Opera will approach you with the offer of an engagement."

"But I am enamored of the desert! I am enamored of Arabia, of Algeria, of the Sahara!" said Harold half seriously, half smiling.

"You are hit again," laughed Dan. "I recognize the symptoms. These are the air-drawn daggers which, you say, led you to Duncan. These are your dreams of Timbuctu, which landed you a year ago in the lousy jail at Rabat, from which I and your father's money rescued you. Oh, Harry, you are a poet—that is your trouble—a poet with the world's waste places for your theme. You are a musician and wish the round globe for your bass drum." Dan's voice changed to a very serious tone as he continued: "You say you are in love with the desert. Beware! The desert is a vampire that will suck up your blood and destroy you body and soul!"

Harold Mortimer smiled ruefully. After all he was little more than an adventurous boy. Only 25 years of age he had already visited one or more times every continent on the globe and touched at half the important islands of the seas, had fought for France in the air and under the sea, and had an affair in Bhutan, in Asia, that had all but cost him his life.

"I will reform some day," he said slowly. "But it will not be this year nor next. Meanwhile Timbuctu is the goal of my dreams."

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE a junta of adventurers of quite a different sort had gathered in a private suite of the Hotel Crillon, some five blocks away. The doors of the apartment were guarded, the heavy velvet curtains were drawn across the windows, and the room was artificially lighted in spite of the brilliant spring sunshine outside. Around a mahogany table sat the representatives of five people: Germany, Russia, Turkey, India and Japan. Behind or close beside each sat a secretary and interpreter, and at a little table to himself, his massive head bowed upon his delicate hands, sat one who was unique even in that assemblage, a man whose hair and beard were so white and whose look was so venerable that he might have been a hundred years old, but who was so clear-eyed and stalwart and strong in spite of the delicacy of his features and the smallness of his hands and feet that he might have been no more than 50. Dr. Rhook, they called him, altho he had many names in many lands, and when he lectured in America had been known simply as Professor Lodoiski.

Here was a man who had stood in all the market places of the world and observed the human ants in the ant hills as a naturalist might observe real ants in real ant hills. He could have told Harold Mortimer that there was no mystery about Timbuctu or Mecca or Lhassa or Cuzco; that the human animal is the human animal, no matter where found; that his chief desire everywhere seems to be to feed sumptuously, to sleep softly, to deck himself in ribbons or jewels for the admiring gaze of his fellows, save when from time to time he arouses to the dream that stirs him for a day or a month or a year and madly pursues some phantom of gold or power or love, until he faces his doom, and, like a coward, turns back to his feeding and sleeping in the ordered world, or runs amuck to his own destruction.

This old man needed neither interpreter nor secretary; for whether the men there spoke German or Japanese, Arabic or Hindoo, it was all the same to him. Those who knew him believed that he had the mysterious gift of tongues and understood all languages. Where was he born? Of what nationality was he? Who can say? He was a citizen of the world. No more can be said of him.

Of the others, one should say that about that table sat—a wolf, that was Germany in the person of Von Keller; a fox, that was Turkey in the person of Ferishta Pasha; a cobra, that was the Hindoo Marhatta Prince, the Bow da Rand; a jackal, that was Dr. Hergoshima of Japan, and an anthropoid ape, Keranin Vronovski of Moscow and Novgorod. This ape had in his brains the dreams of a man. This Russian was a real fanatic. The brotherhood of all races of all bloods was his dream, and peace and good will in all the world. As for the rest, they were cold-blooded, ferocious—just so many predatory animals with the intelligence of supermen.

All these others called Vronovski the "infant," and indeed he was that in nearly everything but his gigantic size. Honest, honorable, truthful, almost incapable of keeping a secret, he was a strange partner for those who sat about that table that day. This man could not find space in his heart to hate the French, nor the English, nor to hate and despise the Americans, whom the others professed to hold, as they held the French, in utter contempt.

"I love all men of all races!" he would cry with a wide-embracing gesture, and the others, always excepting Dr. Rhook, would laugh at him for a fool.

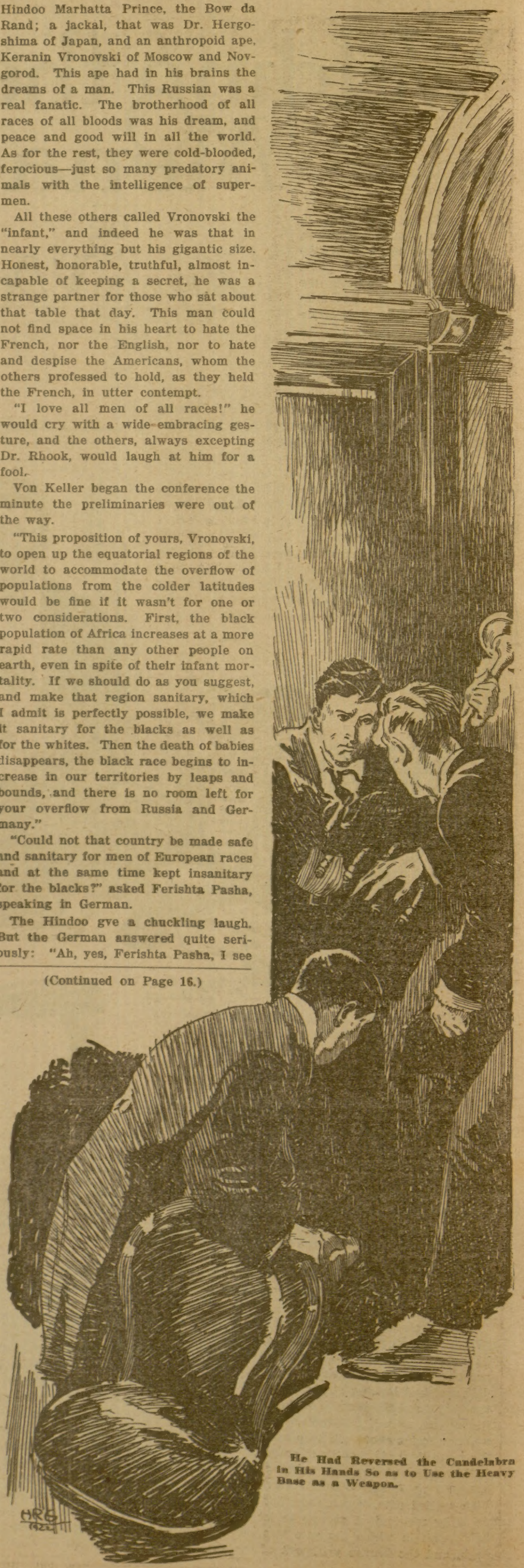
Von Keller began the conference the minute the preliminaries were out of the way.

"This proposition of yours, Vronovski, to open up the equatorial regions of the world to accommodate the overflow of populations from the colder latitudes would be fine if it wasn't for one or two considerations. First, the black population of Africa increases at a more rapid rate than any other people on earth, even in spite of their infant mortality. If we should do as you suggest, and make that region sanitary, which I admit is perfectly possible, we make it sanitary for the blacks as well as for the whites. Then the death of babies disappears, the black race begins to increase in our territories by leaps and bounds, and there is no room left for your overflow from Russia and Germany."

"Could not that country be made safe and sanitary for men of European races and at the same time kept insanitary for the blacks?" asked Ferishta Pasha, speaking in German.

The Hindoo gve a chuckling laugh. But the German answered quite seriously: "Ah, yes, Ferishta Pasha, I see

(Continued on Page 16.)



He Had Reversed the Candelabra in His Hands So as to Use the Heavy Base as a Weapon.

William Russit.

The End of the Trail

By John Francis Slater

BILL RUSSIT stretched his legs out thoughtfully, as he sat in the big armchair in Harding's front parlor, and tried to realize that the next half-hour would decide his fate. His gaze went to the window, where, over four miles of yellow stubble, the little white shack in which Bertha Randolph kept house for her brother shone clean-cut in the clear prairie air. His eyes were clinging to that speck of white, as tho for inspiration, when Harding entered noisily.

"Strictly to time, as usual, William!" he grated, approvingly. "In fact, you have a week to spare, I believe."

"Yes," assented Bill Russit, "But I haven't come——"

"I knew I could depend on you," Harding broke in. "If it hadn't been for that, I'd have been darned uneasy, right now, seeing as I have a note for two thousand about due, and looking to you for the money to pay it!"

"I'm sorry——" began Bill.

"Needing the money the worst way!" Harding rushed on. "Say, did you ever see anything like the way them banks have shut down, this fall? Tighter'n a drum, b'gosh! Every farmer has got to run on just what he has in his jeans. Maria! Hey Maria! Bring my receipt book, and that box of cigars!"

The door opened to admit a woman carrying the desired articles. She was thin and worn, and stooped so badly that her hands hung before her as she walked. Something in the furtive look of compassion she bestowed upon him aroused the youth's resentment.

"You didn't need to have troubled her," he protested. "You knew well enough that I was hailed out!"

"What!" cried Harding. "What's this? What's this?"

The woman turned, and hurried from the room.

Bill Russit eyed him from the patched faded overalls to his tight-lipped, clean-shaven face, with the cold triumphant light in its hard blue eyes.

"I say," he repeated, hotly, "that you knew three months ago that I shouldn't have a cent, and that all this stuff about depending on me and giving notes on the strength of it is just so much bunkum that a child could see thru!"

"Are you telling me that you haven't brought the money—not even the interest?"

"Not a cent!" Bill told him, grimly.

"Principal and interest both due, and you have the nerve to stand there and tell me you haven't brought a cent!" Harding's voice rose until it rang thru the house. "You darned young reprobate! Do you think I'm going to slave from morning to night, to provide money for you to lie around doing nothing?"

"There's no need to call names," said Bill, curbing his temper with an effort. "I've not lain around by a long chalk. As soon as the crop was hailed I plowed all the land again. It will be just as good as summerfallow to crop next spring."

"All the better, all the better!" exclaimed Harding, triumphantly. "It's foreclosure for yours, just as soon as I can put it thru. No man is going to cheat me out of nigh on two thousand dollars that's my due, and get away with it!"

"Cheat!" echoed Bill. "Who's trying to cheat you? Haven't I always paid the interest. Haven't you got full security? If you'll give me till next fall I'll be able to pay it twice over, compound interest and all. No man can be blamed for a hailstorm."

"Give you nothing! You'd better be making off; I've wasted time more'n enough, already."

He rose and opened the door, not troubling in the least to conceal his joy. His wife looked up apprehensively as they crossed the room in which she worked. The youth was deadly pale, and he walked like one in a dream. He realized suddenly that he had never really believed that Harding might foreclose.

When they reached the outer door a neighbor was approaching.

"Hello, Johnson!" Harding called, with careless geniality. "How's things?"

"Look here!" said Bill Russit, in a low quick voice. "You've called me a reprobate and a cheat, in there, and I've stood for it like a lamb. I'm giving you one more chance: Will you wait till I get another crop, or not?"

"Not," said Harding, winking at the newcomer. "Now, beat it home, like a good boy!"

The blood flowed back suddenly into Russit's pale face.

"Then, look out for yourself!" he cried, hoarsely. "I'll get even with you for this, if I swing for it!"

Regaining his self-control by an effort, Bill strode to the barn for his pony, Harding's ironic laughter ringing in his ears.

The sun was setting as he rode homeward over the brown prairie, and the chill of late October was in the air. He turned reluctantly into the trail which led to the Randolph shack, oppressed with the weight of his evil tidings.

Young Randolph came out to meet him. Without a word he seized the pony's bridle and commenced to lead it towards the barn.

"Hold on, Len!" cried Bill, reining in. "Where are you going?"

"Barn," replied the youth, laconically. "Then supper."

"Oh, I guess I won't stay, thanks all the same. I shouldn't be good company, tonight. I'll get home and do the chores."

"Chores all done," said Len. "I did 'em. She's waiting."

Bill dismounted slowly.

"Say, I hate to go in!" he groaned. "I've nothing but bad news to tell her. Worse than that, I promised to keep my temper, but when he bawled me out I came back at him. I warned him I'd get even if I swung for it; and by George!" he exclaimed, emphatically. "I'll do it, too!"

"No you wont," Len told him, cheerily. "Start again, some other place. Half-crop payments. In another four years you'll buy Harding out. I'll lend you seed and feed for a year. Spare it easy."

"Yes, I know how easily!" exclaimed Bill, scornfully.—His hand fell lightly on the other's shoulder.—"You're a good sort, Len!"

BERTHA RANDOLPH was bending over the stove as they entered the shack. She gave Bill a keen glance, from tender, gray eyes, then motioned to a chair. If she were disappointed she did not allow it to show.

She had cooked a tempting supper and while they ate she and Len strove to excel each other in the pictures they drew of the good fortune which will eventually come to a man whose crops are hailed, and whose mortgage has been foreclosed. Their combined influence was irresistible. Little by little Bill's face lightened. If Bertha could take it thus bravely why couldn't he? Youth invincible called to youth. Their imaginations ran wilder and their laughter grew more free. By the time that they had finished the meal they were laughing and joking as hilariously as tho hailstorms, foreclosures and all such misfortunes were but little specks of shadow to make the sunshine seem more bright.

But when Bill reached his two-roomed shack his gay mood fell from him like a cloak. From all about him little improvements, which he had made while dreaming of the happiness drawing so near, called aloud to remind him of his loss. He might build another home in a few years, but it would never be the same as this—a home which he had wrested with his own hands from the virgin bosom of the prairie. Suddenly the house with its hopes and dreams became intolerable. He pulled on a heavy sheepskin coat, and went out into the night.

The stars were glittering in a cloudless sky. The aurora hung in a pale quivering arch across the northern heavens. In the west a red glow was spreading, shot thru with streaks of flame. He wondered, idly, who was burning flax straw.

If the house spoke of blighted hopes, out-of-doors the air was full of memories. His feet knew every inch of the land; the hole beside the slough where he dipped his water before he dug his well and gauged with anxious eyes its shrinking contents; the depression into which he stumbled, where he had used dynamite with insufficient knowledge to loosen up a bowlder, and had almost loosened his hold upon this earth. There was not a furrow turned, not a tree planted, not a bowlder built in the huge stone-pile but what was the work of his hands. He had taken this land in the wilderness and made of it a fruitful farm. They might take it from him now, but they could never alter that. The idea soothed him, somewhat. He threw himself down in the shelter of the stone-pile and presently fell into a doze.

When he awoke he was stiff with the cold and his contact with the hard ground. Another day was breaking in the east. He returned shivering to his shack, and lighting the stove, prepared a hasty meal. He had barely finished eating when the pounding of hoofs brought him to the door.

It was Len Randolph who slid wearily from a panting horse, with a face so ashen that a cold chill settled on Bill Russit's heart.

"Len!" he cried. "There's nothing the matter with Bert?"

"Bert's all right," replied Len, but the trouble in his face did not lighten. His eyes seemed to dwell, as if fascinated, on Bill's drawn face and rumpled clothes.

"Bill," he said, dropping his voice, as tho afraid of being overheard. "I called for you at 2 o'clock last night. Where were you?"

Bill hesitated, at a loss to explain. The trouble in his friend's eyes deepened.

"About that time," Bill told him, slowly, "I was walking around the slough on the east side, there, saying good-by to the farm."

"I yelled and shouted!"

"Then it must have been while I was asleep behind the stone-pile."

"I ought to have looked till I found you!" said Len. "Harding's big barn took fire last night. Everybody came to help—but you!"

"Harding's barn! I saw it starting, but I thought it was a straw-pile. I see what you mean: The old rascal will spread the report that I fired it, and it will be darned hard to prove that I didn't!"

"Worse than that!" said Len, dully.

"Worse?" echoed Bill, uneasily. "None of the cattle were caught, were they?"

"Worse than that," Len repeated. "Before the roof fell in they pulled Harding out. Head all smashed in—murdered!"

BERTHA RANDOLPH had been sitting motionless since her brother left to go to Bill Russit. Her face was pale but quite composed. But suddenly her expression changed. She stiffened in her chair and appeared to listen. The high whine of a racing motor sounded in the distance.

"My poor Bill," she whispered. "My poor, poor boy!"

Scarcely a moment passed before she raised her head and, drying her eyes, settled once more into that attitude of firm concentration. Presently a step sounded without and Len opened the door.

"Did you warn him?" she asked, scarcely above a whisper. "What did he do?"

"Nothing—the wisest thing. The corporal got there soon after me."

"I heard them," said Bertha, shuddering.

Len came and sat on the arm of her chair.

"Bert," he said, hoarsely. "Do you think Bill could possibly—could possibly——" The words seemed to stick in his throat.

"Could possibly have murdered Mr. Harding, do you mean?" asked Bertha, in clear tones.

Her brother nodded.

"Len," she said, earnestly, "if every single circumstance seemed to prove he did it—if the very blood of the murdered man were to rise up and call his name—I shouldn't believe that Bill could be a murderer!"

"Fred Johnson said he threatened Harding, yesterday. Harding's wife heard him, too; and he looked so strange when I asked why he was not at home."

"You don't mean to say you suspected him—and let him see it?"

"I—I don't think so."

A low hum sounded in the distance. Their eyes met, then Bertha rose and passed out with a firm step along their trail to the traveled road.

An automobile was approaching in a cloud of dust. She recognized the driver as a livery man from the town. Beside a khaki-clad policeman on the rear seat sat the familiar figure to which her heart went out.

She stepped to the center of the road and held up her hand. The car skidded to a halt with grinding brakes.

"I say, young lady," called the corporal sharply. "This won't do, you know. What did you stop us for?"

"I just wanted to tell Bill Russit that we don't believe him guilty, and we never will," said Bertha, in a high, clear voice. "We'll have him free again in just no time at all!"

She moved to Bill's side of the car and leaping on the running board she leaned forward before them all and kissed him proudly on the lips.

"Drive on, Jim," said the corporal, softly.

The car started again, but the figure which had been hunched together on the back seat now vied with that of the corporal in soldierly erectness.

When Bertha reentered the house she sat down at the table facing her brother, flushing a little at his approving face.

"I couldn't help it!" she said, defiantly. "I just had to show Bill that it made no difference. And I promised that in a little while we should have him free."

"How?" asked Len.

"We must find the man who really did it?"

"Maybe the police——"

"The police?" echoed Bertha. "The police will be so busy looking for additional proof against Bill that the murderer will have disappeared before they even try to find him. Every one else is working on the principle that Bill is the guilty man. We know that Bill

Bertha Randolph.

Thomas Harding.

"Homesteadin'" Smith.

isn't guilty, so at least we'll have a chance."

They sat for some minutes in silence.

"Hobo?" asked Len, suddenly.

Bertha started.

"No. I've thought of that. You don't get hoboes four miles from the railroad. Even if he caught one asleep in the barn he would be more likely to run than to attack him. What we must look for is the motive—some one beside Bill who had a reason for hating him. Can you think of any one, Len?"

"A dozen!" he answered. "Every one who came near him, sooner or later."

"What about those who are nearest—his hired men?"

"He has two. Jenkins worked there before you came to keep house for me. He hasn't enough in him ever to get mad."

"I know him," said Bertha. "We can strike him out."

"Smith has only been there a couple of months and I've not seen him often."

"What is he like?"

"Quiet and gentle, middle-aged, too. It couldn't be him."

"I think I'll take a ride over," sighed Bertha. "It's only neighbor-like to offer our sympathy, and—and I might find something to help Bill."

A little group of men were viewing the remains of the barn, when Bertha arrived. Jenkins, the hired man, had given up all pretense of working and was tasting to the full the sweets of his temporary importance.

"The first thing I knew was old Smith shaking the teeth out of me and yelling to get up, the barn was on fire!" she overheard.

There was a sudden silence as she approached. It was the elder man, Smith, who came from an outhouse to take her horse.

"It was you who first noticed the fire?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Who was it that found the body?"

"We stumbled over it as we ran into the barn to turn the cattle loose."

Bertha was watching him, intently. He moved and spoke with a kind of heavy lassitude, possibly the result of his night's experience. His eyes, she noticed, held a faraway look. He appeared suddenly to become aware of her scrutiny and raised his hand to the collar of his shirt with a quick self-conscious gesture. Then he turned, without speaking, and led her horse away.

Bertha found Harding's wife sitting alone in the front room. She was pale from the shock and her eyes were red with weeping. But it seemed to the girl that even thru the woman's evident grief she could trace a sense of release.

"I have a good hired girl," she said. "And my sister has phoned on the long distance to say she'll be out right away. I'll manage until then, thank you." She paused, then suddenly burst out, "How could young man bring himself to do it?"

Bertha stiffened indignantly.

"But he didn't!" she exclaimed. "He never left his farm all night!"

"I heard them ask your brother why Bill Russit hadn't come, and your brother had to confess that he had been to call him, but he was out."

"We won't discuss it, if you don't mind," said Bertha, quietly. "Nothing would ever make me believe Bill guilty."

"I can't hardly credit it, myself," said Mrs. Harding. "But there don't seem any room to doubt." She drew an album on the table toward her. "I was looking at some of my husband's photos when you came in. So young and so strong he looks, a person can't believe——" She broke off, despairingly.

Bertha opened the album to distract her attention.

"There we are on our wedding day," the woman said, pointing. "Thomas wore his frock coat for the last time. I should have liked him to have bought a new one, for he wore it to wed his first wife, but he said it was none the worse for that and he wasn't going to throw good money away. The one on the other side—Mr. Harding in the center—was before he was married. A party of them were prospecting up in Klondike. Look a pretty wild lot, don't they?"

Bertha was in the act of turning the page when something in the attitude of one of the men caught her eye. She bent and examined it closely.

He was a bearded young fellow—rather younger than Harding—with the rigid expression of one about to be photographed; and his hand had gone up in a self-conscious gesture to finger the collar of his shirt.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"I don't know. It was before I knew Mr. Harding at all; before he married his first wife."

Was it Bertha's imagination, she wondered, or could she really trace a likeness in that bearded young fellow to the clean-shaven man who had taken her horse?

"Do any of these men live near here?" she asked, casually.

"I believe that dark-looking man at the end did have a homstead, somewhere south, two or three years ago. His name was Leroy, but he didn't visit Thomas often. There was some little trouble between them, I think."

"Somewhere south?" asked Bertha, quickly. "Can you tell me just where, and how far?"

"'Bout thirty miles, Thomas said. I mind he told me he thought that was quite far enough. As to just where, I don't know, except that it was south."

Bertha rose to her feet.

"Do you mind if I take this photo away with me? Neither you nor I really believe that Bill Russit murdered your husband, and this photo might help me to find out who did."

"You can take it if you like," said the woman, shaking her head. "But if you are going to fix the murder on old Leroy, you will need a lot more proof than that. My husband could have handled two like him, easy!"

WHEN Bertha arrived home she found that Len had eaten his lunch and gone out. He had Bill Russit's stock to tend in addition to his own. And whatever might occur in the lives of their owners the farm duties continued relentlessly. She gathered together some remnants of a recent roast and made a hasty meal. Then she found a large directory of the townships to the south and began a careful search.

One, three, four large squares, her finger traveled down, then it came to rest on a tiny square contained within the fifth. "W. Leroy," she read. Yes, that was it; straight south, twenty-six miles. She pulled out the photograph and while she looked at it she hesitated.

"Even if Leroy knows of something between Harding and that man, I can't prove that he is Smith. And the likeness can't be very strong or Harding would have recognized him. Still, there's something about the eyes and forehead and the way that he's fingering that collar. It's only a hunch, but I must do something!"

She noted carefully the number of Leroy's section, left a brief note for her brother, and a moment later was following the graded road that ran in a straight black line to the south, over the railroad crossing, where it disappeared in a prairie trough, to reappear farther on, mile after mile, as a narrow diminishing thread.

As she left the railroad behind the cultivated land became more rare. Frame houses gave place to low sod shacks with walls of fortress-like thickness. Yet, paradoxically, the country appeared more thickly settled, for this was homestead land, where each settler had taken up a quarter section, and had not yet commenced that process of absorption by which men like Harding became lonely dwellers in immense tracts of their own land.

When she had covered fifteen miles the graded road ceased abruptly. But she had anticipated its end sufficiently long to make a distant knoll, in line, and rode on her way without hesitating. The sun was almost setting when, dismounting to read a section-stake, she discovered that she had reached her goal.

A small sod shack about a furlong away seemed likely. As she drew near, leading her pony, she noticed an old man watching her approach from the doorway. Her mind became involved in tentative openings. How should she tell him of her quest? She had scarcely come within earshot when he hailed her eagerly.

"You've come from the north, haven't you, Miss? Is it true that old Tom Harding is murdered?"

"Quite true, I'm sorry to say," she replied, marveling at the speed of rumor.

"Let me tie up your horse, Miss, and come in and tell me about it. I used to know Tom Harding back in the old days, tho I can't just say we were friends."

Bertha stepped into the shack. She felt a strong liking already for the sturdy old man whose wrinkled tanned face contrasted so strongly with his snow-white hair. The red sun, shining thru the deep-set window, revealed a bare interior that was spotlessly clean.

When Leroy returned to the shack his expression was thoughtfully shrewd.

"I've given your horse a little drink and a feed," he said. "He's been hard-ridden, by the look of him, and a person don't ride like that for nothing."

"You are quite right; I want your help," said Bertha. "But first let me tell you all about it."

"While you are telling me," he said, "I'll boil the kettle and make some supper."

While Bertha told her story he trod quietly to and fro between the table and the stove. Sometimes she addressed his side, sometimes his back; but she felt all the time that he listened intently.

"You have ridden to see me because a person on a picture reminded you of the hired man?" he asked, as he drew her chair to the table. "You must think a lot of this young man!"

"We were to have been married this fall," she told him, simply.

"That's hard luck, Miss; darned hard luck!" He fumbled in his pocket, and drew out a pair of glasses. "Let's see the photo. I'll do my best, tho I warn you I don't think you'll learn anything from that."

Bertha handed him the photograph, and came to lean over his shoulder.

"Why, yes!" he exclaimed. "I don't mind the time, but it's the old gang, all right. That's Harding with his hands on his hips, a hard looking man even then; and here I am with a pipe, as usual."

Bertha's hand shot out suddenly over his shoulder.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"That?" he repeated, peering closely. "That——"

Suddenly he threw back his head and the eyes so near her own grew wide and startled.

"Was that the man?" he whispered.

"Who is he?" she repeated, her tone lowered to match his own.

"Jack Dean!" Leroy answered. "He had the next claim to Tom Harding."

He was silent for a moment, his fingers drumming on the table.

"I always said there was more to that business than showed on the surface," he murmured.

"Jack was a young fellow in those days," he began, presently. "Five or six years younger than Harding. They staked claims side by side, and side by side they went wooing Old Man Dawson's daughter. The girl favored Dean, it appeared to most, but Jack was hard up, being a greenhorn, while even in those days Harding had begun to accumulate a wad. Then somehow it began to get about that Dean wasn't straight. I was away from the diggings for nearly a year, at that time. When I came back Dean had been in jail for over six months, and Harding had wed Old Man Dawson's daughter. It seems that just when his funds were at the lowest Dean turned up at the bank with two large nuggets he claimed he had found. Davis, the manager, examined them carefully, then turned and rang a bell, and in less than an hour Dean was cooling his heels in the coop. His nuggets were lumps of lead carefully veneered with gold foil.

Dean swore he dug them up at the end of his tunnel, but of course, he was only laughed at. He was sent down for three years, and I never saw him again. Harding soon left, too, and the next time I met him his first wife had died and he had married again."

"Do you think Dean was innocent?" asked Bertha.

"I don't know," said the old man, slowly. "You can't tell what a man will do until he's tempted."

"I know what one man would not do," declared Bertha. "And somehow I mean to prove it!"

"I should be sorry if, to make your boy out innocent, you had to prove Dean guilty," said Leroy, gravely.

"It does seem horrible, but then murder is a horrible deed—" Bertha rose to her feet. —"I must start back at once to reach that graded road before dark. I don't know whether you have helped me, but I thank you very much."

"Look here, Missie," said the old man, when he had brought her horse, and assisted her to mount. "Don't make any accusations until you are sure of your facts!"

"I won't," she promised. "But if he's the murderer and Bill isn't——"

"Bill mustn't suffer," he nodded. "Good night, and may the guilty be the only one to pay."

BERTHA rode homeward in a whirl of conflicting emotions. Hope and doubt, hate and pity, vied with each other for the possession of her thoughts. If Smith were Dean—but how frail the chance of proof!—she would hunt him down without mercy; a wretch that would kill a fellowman in cold blood, that would stand by without speaking and allow her beloved Bill Russit to be arrested in his stead! But, what a life he must have lived! The hopeless misery of it swept over her. The future all narrowing down to that one mad act of vengeance; a life absolutely joyless and devoid of hope.

Another doubt assailed her: If Smith were indeed Dean, then Leroy's story had supplied some motive for the crime, but surely not enough! If Smith had been imprisoned for fraud, it was only natural that Harding should make the best use of his absence, nor was it to be wondered at that the girl should turn to Harding. Smith might feel resentment, but unless his brain had become diseased it was scarcely likely to result in a vindictive passion that could smolder all these years. A memory of the man's face rose to haunt her—the kindly mouth, quiet eyes and the broad high forehead—so different from the receding criminal brow.

She reached the graded road and the pony, eager for its stable, quickened its pace. The cold air rushed to meet her; the stars leapt to the pony's stride; the Northern Lights glowed out, first faintly, then in a huge arch of brilliant weaving streamers, tinted, where they neared the earth, a deep blood-red.

The rush of cold air produced a kind of spiritual exaltation. A wild scheme was forming within her—based perhaps unconsciously on her reading of Smith's face—to take all that she had gained and to stake it on one long gambler's throw.

Len came out at the sound of her approach.

"You gave me heap big scare!" he exclaimed. "Why did you stay out like this?"

"Is the kettle boiling, Len?" she asked. "I've lots to do, and I'm nearly all in. I believe we've got our Billy safe, and then again I don't; and I just can't sleep until I know for sure!"

Her brother took the pony and, returning quickly, made her drink some strong coffee. Then she told her tale.

"Maybe you are right," he said, slowly. "Maybe Smith and Dean are one man. But how are you going to prove it? And, even then, Bill Russit has a later grudge than Smith."

"Haven't you ever had a feeling about things, Len—a kind of instinct? I have one now. I just know there is something more behind it, and I'm going to-night to see Smith!"

"Right now? Tonight?"—Len's tone rose in incredulous protest. "You don't know enough to prove anything. You'll find out nothing, probably scare him off!"

"How can we ever prove anything? If I am right, Smith is the only one who can give us information. I mean to ask him. If he runs away, that will be as good as an admission of guilt."

In spite of his protests Len had great faith in her judgment. He went at once to hitch up a team.

"It will be nearly 10 by the time we arrive," said Bertha as they flew along the trail. "We don't wish to arouse the house. Let's tie the team to the fence and go straight to the men's shack."

"Here we are!" she exclaimed, as a dark mass loomed before them. "The house is all dark, but there's a light burning in the shack window."

She took Len's hand and together

(Continued on Page 19.)

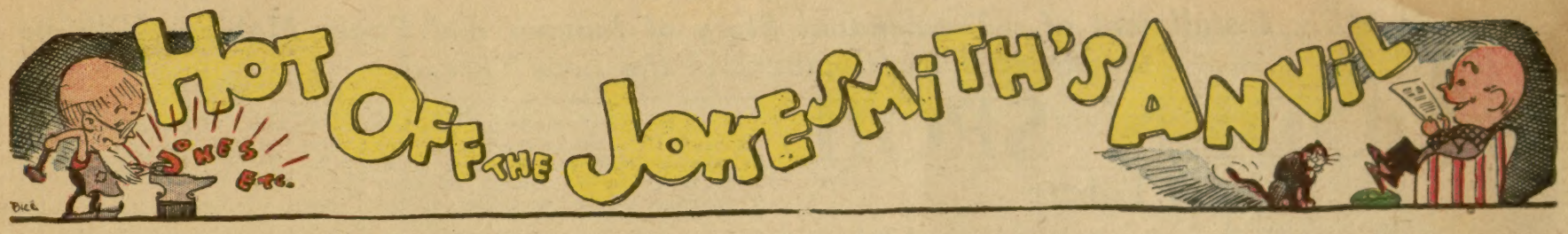
Whetting The Appetite.—No. 7.

A Series of Ten Instructive Pictures

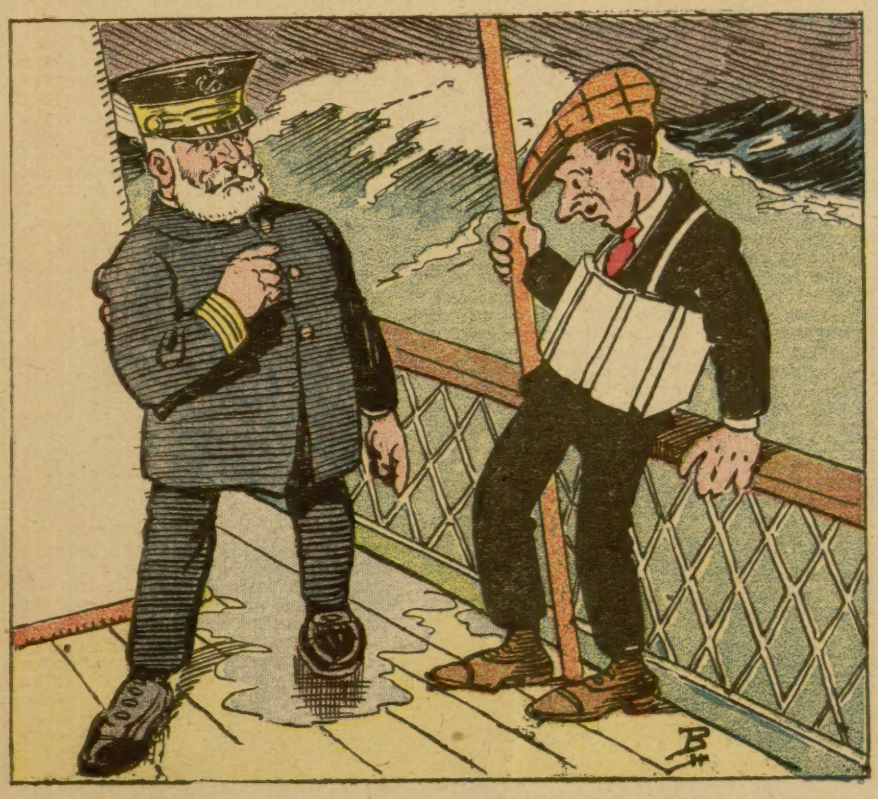
Announcement Table

GIRLS are always looking for new and novel ways of announcing their engagement to a select group of friends. A very good way is to invite your best friends to a little luncheon, and have the announcement of the engagement a complete surprise. In the center of the table place a big heart-shaped box covered with red crepe paper and frilled around the top. On top of this heart place a colored doll dressed in paper clothes to represent a messenger boy, and in his arms put a little box of tiny rosebuds with a card attached on the outside on which is written To Our Friends. From underneath the heart run tiny narrow ribbons, one extending to the plate of each guest, and on the end of each ribbon is tied another little box filled with flowers, and inside of each box is a card with the names of the newly engaged couple. Little nut cups made of hearts and favors are little wire men covered with crepe paper and the faces painted on. From the red paper candle shades, hang little strings of paper hearts.

The luncheon to be served at the party illustrated has meat and potatoes in the first course, so the knife must be placed next to the plate on the right, and the fork is always placed to the left of the plate. The dinner knife and fork are always placed next to the plate. All of the spoons are placed to the right of the knife, the spoon to be used first being placed on the extreme edge with the others placed toward the plate in the order in which they are to be used. The water glass is placed at the point of the knife, and the napkin on the right side. The salad fork is placed to the left of the dinner fork.



NO HOPE



Passenger—Is there no hope of being saved?
Captain—None, whatever.
Passenger—How far away is the nearest land?
Captain—Two miles.
Passenger—In what direction?
Captain—Straight down.

CURIOUS

THE father, a lawyer, was busily engaged writing at his desk when his young son entered the room.

After a moment's silence the child said: "How old is Santa Claus, father?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

A few minutes later the boy tried again. "Did the stork bring me here?"

"I don't know."

Silence prevailed for several minutes when the third question came, "Do cannibals eat people?"

"I don't know!" fairly roared the exasperated parent.

"Say, father," said the small son, curiously, "who made you a lawyer, anyhow?"

Familiarity.

"Did you inform father you intend to marry me?" asked the girl with fluffy hair. "Yes," answered the young man with large eyeglasses. "All he said was that he wasn't very well acquainted with me and he didn't see why I should tell him my troubles."

Her Hope.

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now," said Mr. Bore. "I'm living just across the river."

"Indeed," replied Miss Smart. "I hope you'll drop in some day."

SOLID IVORY

STOCKINGS? YES MA'AM— WHAT NUMBER DO YOU WEAR?
WHAT NUMBER! WHY TWO OF COURSE—DO YOU THINK I'M A CENTIPEDE?
SOCKS HALF-SOLED & HEELED

Hope in His Gift.

He was very dangerously ill, and was lying in a darkened room when his friend called, bringing with him a fine basket of grapes.

"Are they black grapes?" said the invalid.

"I never bring black to a serious case," replied the visitor, solemnly.

As Applied.

Wife (with book)—It says in this medical work that a man requires eight hours sleep and a women ten.

Hub—Yes, I understand that's so.

Wife—How nice! You can rise every morning and have the fire made and breakfast ready before it is time for me to get up.

HE TRIED IT—ONCE

READING dime novels had inspired Buster Bill with thoughts of daring. Wishing to put his ideas into practice, he joined the Hooligan brigade, and began his nefarious career by attacking peaceful citizens at dead of night. But he did it once too often, and found himself before the magistrate, charged with knocking down a feeble old man. "Young man," said the magistrate, "I am shocked and surprised at you for getting into trouble like this! Why do you always want to be fighting? Why don't you go for a soldier?" "I did once, your honor," said Bill ruefully, "and he nearly killed me!"

Helping Out.

"The ways the girls dress, I blush for 'em."

"Has it come to this?"

"Eh?"

"Do you think they need somebody to perform that action for them?"

Reads the Casualty Items.

"I look at the paper every morning," said Mrs. Housefly, "to see what casualities have happened to my friends."

"What paper?"

"The fly paper."

No Place for Her Complexion.

"She doesn't like to go in swimming."

"Why not?"

"Says she doesn't like to go where she can't carry her powder puff."

Different Tone.

"Wonder what the tenor of her thoughts may be?"

"Ain't a tenor at all—she's in love with that barytone with the black mustache."

He Told the Judge Something.

The case seemed to be getting nowhere and the judge at last said: "I discharge this jury, one and all."

A mean, cadaverous-looking member of the twelve men arose and replied, "Say, Judge, you can't discharge me."

"Can't discharge you? Why not?" thundered the judge.

"Waal," drawled the juryman, pointing to the counsel for the defense. "I was hired by that fellow over there."

THE CAVE MAN

MRS. WETHERBEE decided where they should live, what kind of furniture they should buy, what plays they should see and where the seats were to be; chose names and schools for the children and the friends of the family, planned their recreations, selected Mr. Wetherbee's suits and neckties and spent all the money.

Once the caveman spirit flared up in Mr. Wetherbee, and only once.

"But listen, dear——" he said.

Then the flame of the caveman spirit burned out.

Eats and Oratory.

"I'd like to take you out home for dinner with me this evening, but my wife would not be there, I am afraid," remarked Brown to his out-of-town guest.

"Away on a vacation, eh?" asked the guest.

"Oh, no, she's lecturing this afternoon before the woman's club on the importance of having meals ready when the husband gets home from work in order to hold his love," replied Brown.

He Didn't Hear.

"I understand a fellow who called himself Professor Svengali hypnotized Zeke Dawdle."

"Yes," said Squire Witherbee. "He put Zeke to sleep."

"Was it a fake?"

"Couldn't have been a fake. Some of th' boys were kinder skeptical, so Bill Sprowley edged up an' asked Zeke if he wanted a drink. He never budged."

Too Much for Mabel.

"Is it true, Mabel, that you broke your engagement with Jack?"

"Heavens yes! Why he wanted me to give up swearing and smoking and insisted that I should wear my skirts below my knees."

The Cheapest Way.

"What is the most economical way to travel thru the Ozarks?" asked the city man.

"On a rail, I reckon," replied Gabe Gooney of Fiddle Creek, who was temporarily sojourning in the Big Burg.

So Comforting.

Hub—My doctor says that if I keep on working at this place, I shall be a wreck at 45.

Wife—Never mind, dear, by that time we shall be able to afford it.

A Wifely Question.

"Then you do not share my sorrows?"

"Now listen, John. When I get none of the hootch why should I join in the weeps when you come home crying?"

Wedding Cake Dreams.

Romantic Maid—Will a piece of wedding cake inspire dreams?

Dyspeptic—Not unless you eat it!

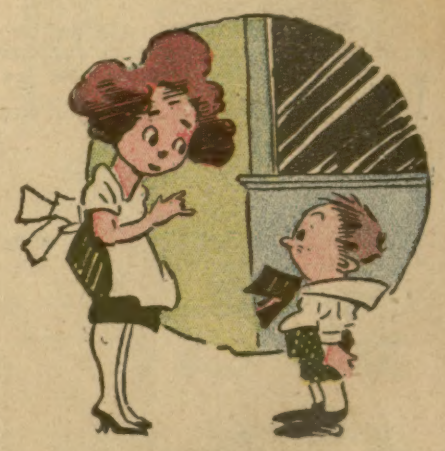
Small Fish, If Any.

A man had been fishing patiently by the side of a pond for several hours, and his efforts had been watched by a villager.

"I say," said the fisherman at last, "do you know if there are any fish in this pond?"

"Well," said the villager, "if there are, they must be very small, for before the heavy storm came yesterday, there weren't no water in that there pond."

Moonshine Has the Kick.



Teacher—William, which is the greater stimulant to animal life, sunlight or moonlight?

William—Don't know, ma'am; but moonshine's got the kick.

NO ESCAPE

"IF YOU feel that way, why did you propose to the woman?"

"I didn't. She proposed to me."

"But you could have refused her."

"No, I couldn't. She said, 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' so whether I'd said 'Yes' or 'No,' she'd had me either way."

"Well, you shouldn't have answered her."

"I didn't, so she said, 'Silence gives consent,' and that settled it."

Something Amiss.

"Our new stenog is very beautiful."

"Yes."

"Yet she works hard."

"What's the answer?"

"She must be secretly married."

Rainbow Kiss.

Charlie—I gave my wife a rainbow kiss when I left home this morning.

Matty—What's a rainbow kiss?

Charlie—One that follows a storm.

Order of the Bath.

Teacher—Now, Willie, what is the Order of the Bath?

Willie (puzzled)—Johnny comes first, then Henry, then the baby, and then me.

Neighbor's Leaves.

Willie—What's an ill wind, father?

Father—One that blows my neighbor's leaves over into my garden when I've swept all my own up.

Careful Man.

Griggs—Is Billson a careful driver?

Briggs—Very much so. He always toots his horn before crossing a railroad track.

UNANIMOUS CONSENT.

I wonder what grandma would say
Of the clothes girls are wearing today,
I met her. I'm feeling quite blue,
For grandma is wearing them too!

ASTRONOMY

PROFESSOR STARR ERICKSON, the well-known astronomer, said at Dark Harbor the other day:

"The general public's ignorance of astronomy is so great that it reminds me of a story.

"'Pop,' said a young colored boy, 'which am de most useful to us, de sun or de moon?'

"'De moon, ob co'se, yo' fool chile,' said the boy's father. 'De moon am de most useful to us 'kase she shine in the dark and light us up. De sun he ain't no good. He on'y shine in de daytime, when he ain't needed.'"

Here Is a Big Installment of a Tremendous Story of Lumber and Paper Making, With an Unexpected Development in the Love Thread.

WOODEN SPOIL

By H. M. Egbert

CHAPTER XVII (Continued).

FINDING that he was not pursued, Louis Duval halted. "Monsieur Askew, I gone back to my fishing job," he said.

Hilary thought this was a characteristic occupation for Louis to take up, since it afforded him several months of idleness before the fishing season opened.

"You have a boat?" he asked, remembering his plan to re-visit the island.

"Oh, sure," said Louis. "New sails an' rudder—all new except the boat. A ver' fine boat, Monsieur."

"Could you take Mr. Connell and myself over to the island and back tomorrow?"

"I think so, Monsier Askew, if the sea ain't running too high. But we got to go an' come on the tide, else we can't make the island at all in this weather. We got to leave at 4 in the morning."

"I can't get Mr. Connell here by then. What time could we start later in the day?"

"Not till 1 o'clock, maybe."

"What time will we get there?"

"About 4, if the wind ain't against us. If the wind come, maybe any time."

"Be ready with your boat at 1," said Hilary with decision.

It was practically his last chance for six months of visiting the island, and he was determined to go, even if it meant returning late at night. He sent a messenger with a note to Lafe at the camp, asking him to be in St. Boniface at noon. Then he wrote his daily letter to Madeleine. He mentioned his projected journey, but nothing else, except his love and his hopes, which were weighty enough.

As he entered the store to mail it in the letter-box there he thought the loafers seated about the place looked at him curiously. He had several times noticed a certain furtiveness in their regard, but had each time ascribed it to imagination and dismissed the matter. He did so again. He was walking back when he saw a boy outside the office.

"Captain Dupont says he is ready to sail, Monsieur," he said.

"Tell him I'm coming down to speak to him," said Hilary.

He went toward the wharf. It was a trifling matter about which he wanted to see Dupont, who had received his final instructions. Two lumber schooners lay moored side by side, the string of barges, already loaded, off the wharf. The schooners' holds were full, their decks crowded, the flume was empty; everything was in readiness for Dupont's last journey of the year.

Dupont was on the wharf, talking to Baptiste. As he approached, Hilary saw the two cease their conversation and look at him. Then Baptiste walked slowly away toward his vessel. Dupont, who had just received the message from the boy, stood motionless where he had been, waiting.

Hilary became suddenly conscious of an atmosphere of hatred. When he reached Dupont the old man eyed him with the same searching and malignant stare that he had given him on the occasion of their first encounter. But now the eyes that blazed a foot from his own did not relax their gaze. There was a menace there, immediate and hostile, tho the face was immobile. It flashed thru Hilary's mind that the old man was mad, that his long brooding had at last broken the fragile vessel of his mind.

Disregaring the captain's look, Hilary explained briefly the matter on which he had come. All the while he spoke Dupont continued eyeing him.

Hilary began to feel uneasy. "Well, is that clear?" he inquired.

"That much is clear," answered Dupont reluctantly.

"Well, what's the matter, then?" demanded Hilary sharply.

Suddenly he perceived that the old man's face was twisted with passion. His expression was so fanatical that Hilary thought he was going to attack him.

But then the face resumed its mask again. Without a word, Dupont swung into the ship and left him.

Baptiste's vessel was moored next to the wharf. As Dupont crossed it to reach his own, Hilary saw Baptiste on deck, bending over a tarpaulin. The two men did not speak, and Hilary, moved by a sudden impulse, walked the length of the wharf and accosted the little Frenchman.

"Baptiste," he said, "some time ago I told you I didn't know whether you had any knowledge about the cutting of my boom or not. I want to say I'm sorry. I know that you had none, and I shouldn't have spoken as I did." And he put out his hand.

Baptiste looked up. The little man's face was like a thunder-cloud. He clinched and unclinched his fists fiercely, muttering. Hilary's amicable approach seemed to confound him. He stood still in confusion for an instant. Then he dashed Hilary's hand aside with his.

"I don't shake hands with you!" he cried, and the tears began to stream down his cheeks. "You keep out of my way, or I kill you!"

And he rushed below, leaving Hilary utterly nonplused at his behavior.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARIE AWAKENS.

WHEN Brousseau, driving furiously homeward from the chateau, reached the cottage of Jules Dupont, he saw the solitary figure of the girl Marie seated outside the door. He let his horse rest for a breathing spell before continuing up the hill, doffed his hat, and saluted her.

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Dupont," he called heartily.

"Bonjour, Monsier Brousseau," she answered mechanically.

Brousseau had never been able to force a smile from her lips. For a long time he had dreaded this silent girl, then he had ceased to think about her; of late he had again begun to hate the presence of that lonely figure upon the porch, which was always there whenever he drove into St. Boniface or back to his garish house by the seashore.

The cure had not told Hilary all that related to the old captain's history. But the thread of madness that linked him to the past spreading into a web that strangled the normal life of the man, Jules Dupont, never one of many words, had been more sullen and morose than ever of late.

During the past week Marie had been terrified at the way her father looked at her. He had never meant very much to her, and now, when he was about to pass out of her life, she felt no regret.

Her mind went traveling back to her earliest memory. She was on the seashore with her mother, watching for the return of the fishing fleet, and her father's boat, and on the shingle lay the sailing boat of a young student from Quebec whom she had seen often at their cottage during her father's absence. The young man was laughingly inviting her mother to go for a sail. At last the girl consented.

The sail was a very long one. Little Marie, who had fallen asleep, was awakened by the sound of her mother's screaming, and the young student's laughing protestations that it was too late in the day to return now. She did not understand all that was said, and her next memory was of a squalid lodging in Quebec, and her mother's tear-stained face, and a sense of unhappiness.

Then she was back in the cottage, standing beside the bed on which her dying mother lay, and the sick woman, gripping her hand fast in her burning ones, was repeating a name over and over. "Say it again, child!" she was whispering.

She reiterated this demand over and over again.

"Say it!" she muttered. "Say it, and never forget. And carry it with thee thru life, saying it in moments of temptation, that thou mayest remember thy mother and understand. Now swear by the Virgin to say it morning and night, and never forget!"

The frightened little girl had sworn, catching the words from her mother's lips. She had said the name morn and night until it had become engraved upon her memory forever. But it was long before she understood its meaning.

Then she remembered her father shaking her by the arms. "The name thy mother told thee—speak it, Marie!"

"No," answered the little girl obstinately.

He threatened her, but the child of five years pressed her lips together and would not utter a word.

"Listen, Marie! If you tell me thou shalt have everything in the world. A new dress, and thou shalt sail with me upon my ship, and I will buy thee the big doll that opens and shuts her eyes. The name, Marie!"

Marie remained perfectly silent. And for years she resisted her father's threats and promises and pleadings, not understanding that it was a mental inhibition which she could not break. The sight of her dying mother had inflicted a wound in the child's soul that never healed. And every week at first, every month later, the scene with her father was renewed.

She never pretended to have forgotten, as she might well have done. As she grew older her father's outbursts became less frequent. But the insane rage which agitated him grew rather than lessened as the years went by. Sixteen had passed; she was now twenty-one, and she looked back on a childhood that had been a torture.

Her estrangement from her father was

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What Happened in the Preceding Installment

Brousseau was at the chateau to renew his claims for Madeleine's hand in marriage. He denounced young Askew in scathing terms. The Seigneur suggested that Brousseau and Medeleine have a private talk, at the same time boasting that the Rosnys had always held to their word. Madeleine immediately declared that she never had pledged herself to Brousseau. Furthermore, he had lost whatever chance he had when he conspired to cut Monsieur Askew's boom—when he had planned his death. "I shall never marry him!" she cried. Brousseau renewed his threats against Hilary and departed in high rage.

The Seigneur then told Hilary that Madeleine could never be his wife, and ordered him to leave the chateau at once, and henceforth remain away from the place. The excitement proved too much for the old gentleman. He collapsed and became unconscious. When Hilary was assured that the attack was not fatal, he left for his own abode.

Louis Duval gave up his dance-hall project, craved Hilary's forgiveness and finally confessed that Brousseau had paid him and two others to saw the St. Boniface boom, and he agreed to sign such a confession after Brousseau and the others were under arrest.

This story began in No. 31, the Ledger for August 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

as complete as from the village life. At first the scandal had been against her, and later her aloofness had set the tongues of the St. Boniface women to wagging. "Like mother, like daughter" —so runs the hard proverb in every country. Marie Dupont grew up friendless and utterly alone. The girl had never had a friend, nor had she ever even had a sweetheart until six months before.

Pierre, in the course of his peregrinations along the coast, at that time as assistant on a smuggling craft, had come to know the solitary figure that paced the beach. In those days the girl's heart, cut off from natural communication with the young people of St. Boniface, nad turned, with the vague yearning of youth, to dreams of the world outside. Marie watched the schooners that flitted to and fro across the river, and the great liners that made their stately way from Europe up to Quebec. At night, lying awake, she could see them, ablaze with lights, from her little window. The repressed spirit seeks its adventures in devious ways; if not in action, then in imagination. Marie Dupont longed for release from her imprisonment, and dreamed of the prince who was some day to come and take her away.

When Baptiste began to show an interest in her she hated him. She had never thought of him as a lover, and hardly as a man; he was a part of St. Boniface, of the hateful life that encompassed her, clutched at her and would not let her go free. She came to invest Baptiste with the qualities of all that she loathed.

Pierre scraped acquaintance with her. He had the intuition of the base man who must perforce win his victims by guile. He listened to her confidences, shyly given to one who, by his wandering life and thru the tales that he told, seemed the exact opposite of all those whom she had known.

Pierre listened, and misunderstood the poor little spiritual drama for the desire of excitement. He was incapable of understanding, but he never compromised himself by haste. He sent Nanette to see Marie, choosing the time when Dupont was away.

Nanette was not bad; like most of her kind she was below normal mentality. When her lover, who had brought her to Ste. Marie, abandoned her, she worked in a large and cheap lumbermen's summer boarding-house. Pierre promised her that the man would return to her if she obeyed him. She met Marie upon the beach, and insinuated herself into her confidence. At last she took her to Simeon's dance-hall.

The lights, the dancing and the music were a revelation to her. On the first night she cried from happiness. Wholly ignorant of life, her innocence protected her and sealed her consciousness. And Simeon's place was better in the early summer of that year than afterward, and some of the lumbermen would bring their sweethearts there.

Even before Marie realized that her visits with Nanette shocked public sentiment and set the women's tongues wagging more volubly than ever before, she felt instinctively that the knowledge would enrage her father. But he knew nothing for a long time, and nobody in St. Boniface dared risk the old captain's fury by informing him. It was long, too, before the cure knew; Marie half defied him and half yielded, and both duty and policy forbade his speaking to Dupont.

The girl's innocence found an ally in the lumbermen, who protected her, and she was, in fact, as safe there as in her home. Pierre was angry at first, but afterward he was very glad, for he saw her dancing in Simeon's place and began to conceive an infatuation for her. He renewed his advances, telling her of Quebec, of the free life of the world beyond. When her imagination was enkindled and her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled at the picture, he asked her to accompany Nanette with him on board his vessel, come to Quebec, and marry him.

That was three days before and it was of this that the girl was thinking as her father walked back toward the cottage after his meeting with Hilary. On the same day Dupont, running a small load along the shore, had learned the gossip about his daughter from a gabbling woman at Ste. Therese, twenty-five miles away—so far the news had traveled. She had gone to Ste. Marie in his absence, to dance with Hilary, who assuredly had a wife in his own country; if he had not, he was not likely to seek one among the habitants.

THE story burned into the captain's brain. It was the solvent of his sanity, the snapping of the only bond that had linked him to the common life. For Marie's sake he had hidden his heart this score of years, and silenced those impetuous voices calling to him to leave all and go out into the world and seek the sign which was to be found branded upon some stranger's forehead.

He said nothing to Baptiste. He did not know what he was going to do, but he felt that the climax of his long endurance was approaching.

He stood at the cottage door, looking at his daughter, who had risen and faced him. Jean Baptiste remained outside. He boarded with Dupont, but he slept on his schooner, and he had begun to think of going away.

"I sail for Quebec tonight," said Dupont. "Jean waits two days to complete his cargo."

She nodded; her thoughts were far away. But it came across her mind, with momentary compassion, that she would never see her father again.

"Perhaps I shall not see thee again," said Dupont sombrely; and the words, echoing her own thought, frightened her. She shrank away, and Dupont put out his hands and grasped her by the wrists. "The name!" he said.

She shook her head; she never spoke when he made this demand.

"The name! I have been very patient with thee. Now thy reason for withholding it is gone. The name!"

"What do you mean?" she stammered.

"The name!" he raved; and for the first time since her childhood he raised his clenched fist as if to strike her.

Baptiste, outside, heard him and saw the gesture. He came running up to the cottage door and caught Dupont by the arm. The captain hesitated; then, collecting himself, as a new thought came to him, he allowed Baptiste to lead him back to the schooner.

The new thought was this: if Marie would not give him the name, at least he would prevent a repetition of her mother's history.

It held him, as a dream holds a madman, and he grew cunning and concealed it, and joked with his hands during the voyage until they wondered what was the matter with him, whether he was forgetting his obsession as he grew old.

Baptiste, having seen Dupont aboard, went back. Marie was seated in the doorway again; the incident had ceased to trouble her. Nothing would trouble her again. Baptiste saw the quick start of anticipation as he approached.

"Forgive me if I annoy thee, Marie,"

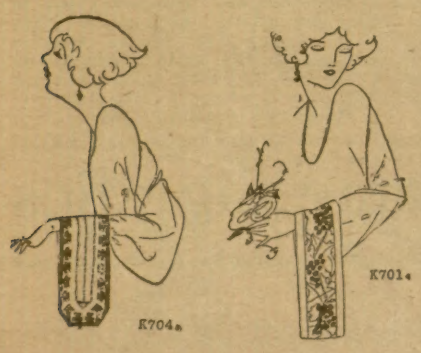
(Continued on Page 11.)

Ledger Embroidery Patterns

By Helen Kaufman

Extra Sleeves Change a Dress.

A NOVEL idea and an economical one is to have two pairs of sleeves for the same dress. The dress may be made most simple, of whatever material desired, with the sleeves sewed to a princess slip worn under the dress, or they may be sewed to a thin net waist lining. The specially designed fancy sleeves shown on this page will enable one to transform her afternoon dress with plain sleeves into an attractive dinner dress with bright-colored sleeves, elaborately trimmed with her own embroidery work. For traveling they are especially desirable. **K701** has a full-length sleeve of georgette finished with a 3½-inch wide band of embroidery. This band is 24 inches in length and when doubled forms



a 12-inch long cuff. This model of jade green had the grapes embroidered in black fiber silk. The leaves were outlined in a medium shade of green silk and the tendrils outlined in fine gold thread. The inch-wide hem on each side may be hemstitched or finished with black running stitches. These are stunning, with a black canton crepe dress. Light henna sleeves embroidered in dark henna, with black or gold tendrils; orchid sleeves embroidered in light and dark purple with silver tendrils; burnt orange sleeves embroidered in brown with black tendrils; or China blue sleeves embroidered in dark blue and silver are a few good combinations.

K702 is stamped directly on the sleeve and forms a deep cuff. For this model the material may be of light or dark color of georgette or crepe. This border of conventional design is 6 inches wide of almost solid embroidery. This attractive design may be worked in several different ways. A combination of applique and embroidery is most pleasing. The leaf may be appliqued of a contrasting color, with the flower done in bold long and short stitches of silk, with the center worked solid in black. The heavy lines at each side are also effective done in black. Or the flowers may be of the applique with the leaves worked solid or long and short stitch or outlined edge and filled with seeding stitches. The more delicate these solid portions of trimming embroidery are handled the more effective the result.

For the appliques the materials may be of georgette, canton crepe, soft satin or organdy. The colors and combinations are a matter of choice.

K702, embroidered in wool, may be used on an afternoon dress of soft woolen material. The colors for the flowers of Copenhagen blue, wisteria, old rose and burnt orange, with black centers and brown or green leaves, makes an entirely different effect. For the wool work the edge of the flowers done in long and short buttonhole stitch, skipping the space of one stitch between, then fill the center of the petal with running stitches. Another treatment of the same design is to combine fiber silk and beads. Having the flowers of silk and the centers of clusters of jet beads. The leaves outlined and the vein of beads with embroidery between, or one could combine small

round and long beads to form the leaves. Beads of all kinds and shapes are obtainable now, to say nothing of the colors.

K703 is a braiding pattern 4½ inches wide. This, too, can be worked in various ways. On either figured or plain background chain stitches of silk, to match or contrasting in light or dark colors, are simple and pleasing

work. Or the design may be outlined in either silk or beads, with the space between the lines embroidered or beaded.

K704 is the most simple work of this group. It may be used on narrow or flowing sleeves, as desired. Make the length of your cuff and fit the pattern to it. This conventional border may be worked in wool, silk, beads or chenille and beads. The solid border with the dainty lines thru the center are easily worked and charming when finished. For the tight cuff but one end is worked, this lapped over the straight end. For the flowing sleeves both ends are worked and snapped together with snap fasteners.

Note: Perforated stamping patterns, including compound and directions for stamping, may be had by sending 15c for each pattern. **K701, K702, K703, K704,** or the 4 patterns for 50c. Please state whether for light or dark sleeves.

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A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

THE Blues! That is the subject that has occupied about every grown-up mind in the world. Blue is too pretty a word—too vibrant a color—too delightful an idea-sign to serve as the name for the disease, don't you think? The feeling goes better with colorlessness, blank leaden-grayness.

If every one could only realize that the blues is nothing but a physical disease, the casualties dependent upon it might be decreased. Take Madelyn for an instance. Madelyn committed suicide not so very long ago. She was young, a positive "peach," magnetically charming, highly accomplished, and, to balance this, fun-loving. She was neither spoilt with too much luxury nor in want for the necessities of life. She belonged to a little clan of people who met weekly. Sometimes the cluster would delve into the depths of philosophic subjects. These were always exciting, and Madelyn's quaint views and original ideas were very much enjoyed and Madelyn would become elated because of the mental exercise and the comeraderie. Sometimes the meetings would take on the more physical enjoyments of, say, a dinner at some piquant restaurant. Joviality, conviverie and wit were then the watchwords and Madelyn was always in a sort of seventh heaven of delight. Sometimes they filed down to the lake and swam—swam into the setting sun; swam into the rising moon. Madelyn would plow about like a little submarine in the emerald and gold, in the silver and blue of the water. And when the ever-changing circles of color that went looping incessantly over the surface of the waves, lost themselves in darkness and the group drank a cup of coffee about a beach-fire, Madelyn was imbued with joy of the thing to the last nerve and fibre. The entire group enjoyed themselves, but it seemed they did so just a little more—shall we say temperately?—than Madelyn. In the throes! That is the expression that fitted Madelyn on these weekly occasions. Whether she were swimming in philosophic depths or the depths beyond the salt-white sand of the beach, Madelyn achieved the state of "throes," in a very dynamic form.

The day that followed one of these meetings saw Madelyn with a case of the blues. All the optimism and happiness of the previous day had turned into pessimism and unhappiness. Madelyn would lie prone on the davenport and cry for hours by herself. Of course she could always find "reasons" for her unhappiness that, of course, were not reasons at all. The most fortunate person in the world could, if he desired it, find a score of reasons for unhappiness, and the most unfortunate people are often the lightest hearted of mankind—so lighthearted that the rest of us envy them. Madelyn could always hunt out something wrong with her life and the order of it and say to herself, "Now I guess that is the reason I feel so blue." of course she didn't do this consciously. When one has the blues, all the unpleasant things crowd in front of the pleasant ones and they approach unbearableness. Madelyn was on the verge of committing suicide several times before she actually did. She had never observed that these cases of blues always followed the joyous days of elation. If only she had made note of this fact, she might have sensed that one had something to do with the other. She might have realized it was a case of the wooden ball floating on the water: toss it up and it will fall, not only to the surface

(Continued on Page 19.)

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST

Stewed Pears
Raised Sally Lunn
Scrambled Eggs
Coffee Cream

DINNER

Clear Soup
Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding
Mashed Potatoes
Summer Squash
Apple Tart

SUPPER

Marguerite Salad
Brown Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Cut Up Peaches Cookies

Raised Sally Lunn.

Scald a cup of milk, add half a cup of butter and lard mixed, a little salt and one beaten egg when the mixture is cool. Now mix in about one-and-three-quarter pints flour. Beat well, add half a yeast cake that has been dissolved in a little water. Mix and beat again and drop with a spoon into greased gem pans and set aside until light. Bake in hot oven about twenty minutes. For breakfast this mixture should be made and set to rise the last thing at night.

Yorkshire Pudding.

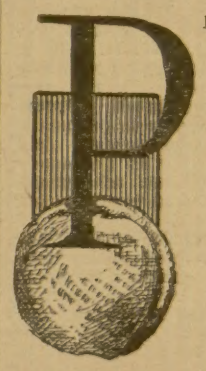
When roasting the beef set it on muffin rings, if you have no rack, so that the juice will drop into the little pans. Three-quarters of an hour before it is done put the following mixture into the pans beneath the meat: A pint of milk, four eggs beaten light, a full cup of flour, a pinch of salt. When the beef is ready take the pudding from the muffin rings and serve on the platter around the beef.

Marguerite Salad.

Cut the whites of six hard-boiled eggs into rings. Mix the yolks with a cup of mayonnaise. Arrange lettuce leaves on platter. Lay the rings on the lettuce. Heap the yolks, crumbled, in the center of each ring, simulating the daisy.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

PEACHES AGAIN



EACH season ought to be a delight to the housekeeper, for there are so many ways of serving this delicious fruit that one might serve them for every meal. And even so perhaps they are never better than when they are simply cut up and served in that way for breakfast, luncheon, dinner or supper.

But here are some suggestions for the woman whose family likes made desserts—all of them worth trying, and then trying again.

Steamed Peach Pudding.

Mix a cup of flour, two of bread crumbs and a half cup chopped nuts, preferably almonds. Stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs, three-fourths cup of sugar, a little lemon juice and two heaping cups of chopped peaches. Lastly put in the whipped whites of three eggs. Turn into a well buttered mold and steam two hours. Serve with cream.

Peach Snow.

Rub thru a sieve enough ripe, skinned peaches to make a cupful. Add half a package of gelatine which has been soaked and dissolved, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, a pinch of salt, and a few drops of vanilla. When cool, but not set, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Mold, chill, and serve with whipped cream or custard.

Peach Ice.

Rub thru a sieve enough peeled peaches to make a point of pulp and add a dozen chopped almonds. Mix with four cupfuls of thin sirup and freeze, adding the unbeaten white of an egg if desired.

Peach Fritters.

Make a paste of half a cupful of melted butter, half a cupful or more of flour, a tablespoonful of orange juice, a pinch of salt, the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and a little water or milk. Dip peeled and quartered peaches into the batter, fry in deep fat, drain, roll in powdered sugar and serve.

Peach Dumplings.

Make a rich biscuit dough and cut into squares. Lay half of a peeled peach on each square, filling the core with sugar and sprinkling with sugar. Pinch the edges of the dough together and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve either hot or cold with cream.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

MANNERS THAT CHANGE

YOUNG people ought to remember for the benefit of those who are older that what we call bad manners are often simply old manners. To be sure the essentials of good manners remain the same, or nearly the same. Courtesy and considerateness remain the same, but in the details of conduct, the way we walk, and the way we talk and the way we eat, there are fashions just as there are in clothes.

Grandmother used to raise her tea cup to her lips with the teaspoon still in the cup—shocking bad manners in this generation, but the only right and proper manner of drinking tea when grandmother was a girl. Moreover, if the tea was too hot when it was passed to her she used to pour it into the saucer and daintily raise this to her lips to drink. And the grandchildren used to nudge each other and hope that nobody outside the family would see. It seemed as if grandmother must have been brought up in dreadful ignorance. But the truth was only that grandmother, as she grew older, hadn't kept her eyes open as much as perhaps she should. She had learned certain manners in her youth, perfectly good manners when she was young, and while fine manners had changed her's had not.

Before you laugh at or feel ashamed of the manners of very old folk, bear these facts in mind. Then for your own benefit, make a resolution that you as you grew older will keep your eyes open. The way we use our knives and forks now may be entirely out of date twenty or thiry or forty or fifty years from now. In fact, sometimes great changes take place in correct usage is a very few years. Don't be caught napping, and don't become so attached to any of the superficialities of manners that you will not be able to change your habits when good usage in such matters changes.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

MARY

PARADOXICAL as it is, the sweet name of Mary means bitter. Mary is perhaps the most prevalent name of all languages, due in large degree to religious devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Indeed there are so many Marys and so many derivatives and diminutives of the name, that each one requires separate treatment and this article will be limited to the simple M-a-r-y and its English and French spellings, Maria and Marie.

The first well-known bearer of the name was the sister of Moses and Aaron, who led the songs of the Israelites when they saw their enemies dead upon the seashore. Tho the most honored name among women, it is one which has caused a great deal of contention regarding its source. Some say it comes from meri (stubbornness), others that it is from marah (bitterness). The most poetical explanation of all is that it comes from the Latin and Teutonic mar, meaning sea and hence mary is "Star of the Sea."

The first Maria was a Spanish maiden martyred by the Moors in 851. However, the Spanish name Urraca was identical with Maria and this name flourishes in Spanish history and ballad literature. The Infanta Dona Urraca, or Maria, was prevented from becoming Queen of France because of the uncouth sound of her name Urraca, whereas, if she had lived a century later, she might have been called Queen Marie. Other famous Marias were Maria of Antioch, wife of Emperor Manuel; Maria, wife of the Marquis of Montferrat; Marie, daughter of Louis VII; Marie, translator of Breton legends for Henry III, and Marie, daughter of Edward I. The actual name of Mary comes thru the French from the Blessed Virgin.

Mary's jewel is the moonstone, whose mystic qualities are most appropriate, as well as its close association with Heaven, reflecting as it does, the waning of the moon. Mary's lucky day is most fittingly the seventh day, Sunday, and 3 is her lucky number.

Scarcely a poet has neglected the sweet name of Mary and one of the most charming, written to a portrait by Lord Byron, runs:

"This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Tho strong as mortal art could give;
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
The cheeks which sprung from Beauty's mold,
The lips which made me beauty's slave."

Next Week: PAULINE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 6, 8, 9 and 26

Wooden Spoil

(Continued From Page 9.)

he said humbly. "Thou knowest——"

"Yes, Jean, I know that you have persecuted me more than all St. Boniface," she answered.

"Marie," he craid passionately, "if I could know that thou wast safe here, I should never trouble thee again."

She turned on him angrily. "Well, I can take care of myself," she answered. "If I choose to go to Ste. Marie, what is it to you? Besides, there will be no more dancing until next summer."

"But he is here," persisted Baptiste stubbornly.

"Who?" she cried in agitation, fearing that he had discovered her secret.

"He—Monsieur Askew. At first I feared it was Black Pierre; but he swore to me that it was not so, on the second day after the work on the boom began." So Baptiste reckoned time. "And he swore it was Monsieur Askew loved thee."

Marie burst into reckless laughter.

"I know that thou canst never care for me," Baptiste persisted. "But if he wrongs thee I kill him. Note well—I kill him!"

Marie laughed bitterly and more loudly. It was amusing to spite and deceive St. Boniface, even thru Baptiste. Yet, when he was gone back to his schooner, something that she did not understand quite unexpectedly rose in her throat and choked her. She wanted to call him back. She was amazed; St. Boniface was growing dear to her. It was becoming what it had never been, her home. She looked out of her window and saw her father's schooner depart, with flapping sails, under the moon. She pictured Baptiste asleep aboard his vessel. The little man had been kind to her. She wept.

Then she forced her thoughts away from these things and lay on her bed, waiting sleeplessly until dawn. When the first streaks of light were in the sky she rose, packed her little store of clothing into a cheap straw-bound case, and stole down to the parlor. She waited.

Presently there came the faintest tap at the door. She opened it noiselessly. A shadow was waiting there.

"C'est toi, Nanette?"

"He is waiting for thee upon the shore. And he has brought back my lover to me, as he promised. We go to Quebec together aboard his ship."

Nanette's voice was tremulous with happiness. She had never seen Leblanc since the day when he abandoned her in Ste. Marie. She had learned that he was working in St. Boniface; but when she went there to find him she was ordered from the limits with threats by Morris. However, Leblanc had sent her a message that some day soon, if she did not attempt to find him, he would return to her. She had lived in that unquenched hope, and now that wonderful day had dawned, for he was to meet her if she brought back Marie. He was to take her to the city, to marry her and give her a ring. Then she, too, would have shaken the dust of St. Boniface from her shoes forever.

Marie Dupont locked the door, and the two girls stole away side by side in the gray of the morning along the beach until they reached the place where Pierre and Leblanc were waiting. Pierre caught Marie in his arms and pressed his lips to hers. It was the first time any one had kissed her. She trembled, half afraid, half regretful, as one who hovers upon the brink of the irrevocable.

PIERRE'S boat was waiting. It was the smuggling craft, a yawl which, when it became too notorious along the river, had been converted into a sloop by the removal of the jigger-mast. Pierre stepped aboard and gave the girl his hand.

"It is a little boat to go so far," said Marie wistfully, not knowing the distance to the city.

And she hesitated, conscious of the tremendous import of the moment. Again she found herself remembering Baptiste; and now his patience and his care for her assumed a new light suddenly, as if she looked out thru a window where there had been only a wall before.

Nanette, scrambling aboard before her, laughed and caught her by the other hand. Leblanc pushed her from the beach. He leaped in after her, and the vessel moved into deep water.

The girls sat in the tiny cabin, while Pierre and Leblanc ran up the sails. As the sloop began to pitch in the rough Gulf waters Marie grew more afraid. She was conscious that her happiness had left her.

They had started too late. In the middle of the channel the little boat with its primitive centerboard was caught in the rough currents that beat about the rocks and shoals at the turn of the tide. They drifted steadily down the north shore. Pierre cursed as he strove to tack. Leblanc produced a bottle of brandy and began to drink. Pierre made Marie swallow some, and when Leblanc relieved him grew more boisterous in his lovemaking. Nanette was already half intoxicated. Presently the two men fell to quarreling, until the realization that they were below the island and making for the open gulf sobered them.

It was no such departure as Marie had anticipated. She crouched in the cabin in growing fear, terrified at the change in Pierre and in Nanette. Again and again Pierre came to her to force more brandy on her, and each time that she refused he grew angrier. Once she began to cry, and then, afraid of his gathering rage, pleaded with him:

"Pierre, I am afraid. I thought it was a bigger boat. I am afraid of your friend. Take me home. Some other time I will come——"

He cursed her and shook her from him. Then, as she clung to him again, he struck her across the face. His was her first blow, as his had been her first kiss. She sank down in the cabin and wept heartbrokenly, and now she was no longer afraid of the waves that lapped the boat's sides as it tossed and reared in the surging waters.

An hour went by. The turning tide and veering wind enabled the men to get the craft under control again and head up the river. Pierre came to Marie with the brandy bottle. He thrust it into her face.

"Come, little one, let us kiss and make up," he shouted.

He pulled her to her feet. Her world was broken, life seemed hopeless, and in her broken pride she stood humbly before him in the rocking boat, her hands clasped.

"Pierre, I am sorry," she wept. "Thou knowest I love thee, Pierre. Forgive me."

Pierre laughed. It was good to see her thus. But Pierre had always known that nothing can tame a woman like a blow.

"Drink," he said, gathering her to him with one hand. "Take a long pull and we'll all be happy together. Drink!" he commanded, as she hesitated in disgust at the smell of the liquor.

As she obeyed him he tilted the bottle, and the burning fluid ran down her throat, choking her. Pierre laughed boisterously and pressed his lips to hers.

"Soon we shall reach Quebec, little one," he said, "and then thou shalt have thy ring."

"'Tonight?"' she faltered, with still sinking heart. He had forgiven her, then; still, everything was changed, and St. Boniface was far away across the waters.

"Surely tonight," he answered, winking at Leblanc, and took the tiller again.

Marie's head swam, the boat seemed spinning round; she lay in the cabin, conscious vaguely of Leblanc and Nanette beside her, laughing and making love. Hours passed before she realized completely where she was. Sometimes she heard Pierre speaking to her, and once Nanette shook her, and seemed afraid. When she regained consciousness she found that the boat was in calm water. They were under the lee of an island, and the sun was low in the west.

The sloop grounded, and Pierre, picking her up in his arms, carried her ashore and set her down on the beach. She staggered to her feet. The sloop was beached, and Leblanc and Nanette were at her side.

"But this is not Quebec," Marie stammered; and then, looking about in bewilderment, she recognized where she was.

Pierre caught her by the arm. "We are not going to Quebec," he exclaimed roughly.

"Pierre, why are we here? I must go home. Take me home!"

The terror of her position dawned on her. She sobbed wildly and wrung her hands. Nanette cajoled her.

"Come, don't be a little fool," she said. "We are going to stay here—the four of us. It will be like a picnic. Come, then, Marie."

She screamed wildly. Pierre advanced upon her savagely with upraised hand, but Nanette restrained him. "No, do not strike her," she pleaded.

"Come, then," growled Pierre, grasping her by the arms and hurrying her forward.

She screamed again, wildly, and fought furiously for her freedom. Pierre struck her again and again; then, lifting her into his arms, he clapped one hand across her mouth and began to carry her up the beach toward the forest.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ISLAND.

LAFE and Hilary started for the island at 1 o'clock. Then planned to spend three hours there and return on the evening tide.

Hilary, seated opposite his friend, told him of the conversation with Louis, who, manipulating the tiller, heard nothing.

"If Louis will swear to what he informed me," he said, "it means that we can clap Brousseau into jail. Otherwise he'll never give up his schemes against me, because he has a personal grievance."

"Mr. Askew," said Lafe, "might I put a question to you without giving offense?"

"You may, Connell."

"I'm only saying what everybody's saying in St. Boniface, and that is about your cutting Brousseau out with Mademoiselle Rosny."

"I guess it's true, Lafe," said Hilary. "Lafe, she's—well, you understand."

"I guess I do," said Lafe. He stretched out a sinewy hand and gripped Hilary's warmly. "I wish Clarice—my wife—could meet you," he said.

"I hope she will, Lafe, some day. But now about Brousseau."

"I asked you that," said Lafe, "because there's a lot hangs on it. Now as to Louis—he wouldn't swear. If he did swear, she'd swear that he'd been lying as soon as Brousseau slipped him a ten-dollar bill. No, sir, it won't do. We've got to get the fox right into the trap before we spring it."

"I'm afraid I am no hand at springing traps, Lafe."

"No. But we've got to give him rope enough to hang himself. We don't want to go off at half-cock. That's plainer, ain't it? My advice is as before; lie low. You see, sir, when a man schemes and

(Continued on Page 24.)

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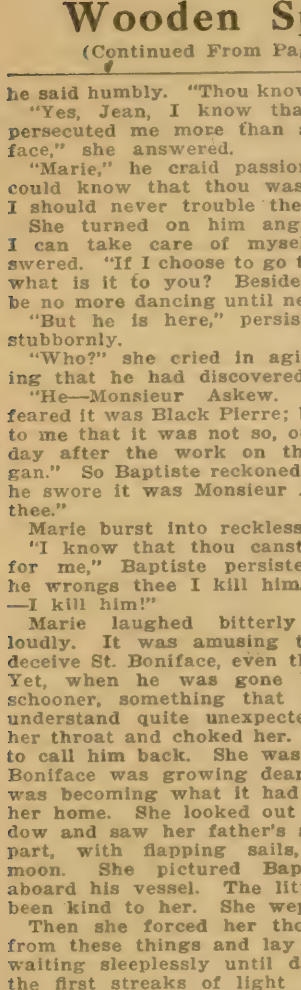

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And Now Europe Receives a Message From the Man Who Held

The World at His Mercy

By John T. Tiboni

A Brief Review of the Story From the Beginning

When in October, year 1999 A. D., all the wireless stations in North, South and Central America received a mysterious call from out the ethereal space, addressed to the Presidents and Citizens of all Republics in those countries, and purporting to come from an unknown person who signed himself "M. R.," and who claimed himself "King of the World," ruler of all nations of the earth, the message naturally created a tremendous sensation, even tho at first it was considered a huge international joke.

It appeared from the message that this unknown and mysterious "M. R." was about to form the "World's Royal Treasury." He demanded one hundred millions in gold from the United States and its dependencies, and twenty-five millions gold from each of the other republics, these sums to be paid before midnight of the last day of each and every future year, to apply as the following year's tax, as a price of each republic's prosperity and peace. Failure to pay would bring consequential punishment for all—"terrible, irresistible and mysterious." The governments must declare their intentions within forty-eight hours, or suffer the consequences.

On the last stroke of the fateful hour—which was on Hallowe'en night—all electric-generating plants—in fact, all electrically operated or propelled things in all American republics—suddenly failed to function. All were instantly silent and "dead," including all electric lights. Just twenty-four hours later the electricity returned.

On the morning of September second, about twelve hours after the departure of the phenomenon, terribly destructive storms began to rage over land and sea, within the same territory affected by the strange lapse of electricity.

Two weeks later Martian Ray wirelessed his sailing orders to the several republics. An American ship must leave New York harbor on November 25th, with the U. S. gold aboard, and after collecting the gold of the other republics steam out of Buenos Aires with all of the collected gold in her hold and deliver it to Martian Ray's agent, commander of his submarine, at a certain location in the South Atlantic waters, before midnight of December 31st.

The U. S. liner Starland was selected for the voyage. This republic's one hundred millions in gold was safely stowed in her strong-room. The U. S. superdreadnaught Washington was chosen as the liner's convoy. Cannons boomed and music and cheers rended the air as the two ships steamed out into the harbor. Collections of gold were made at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and at various other Central and South American ports.

Christmas eve found the two ships on their third day out from Buenos Aires, Argentina. At 6 o'clock on Christmas morning the ships were in the very South Atlantic waters designated by Martian Ray in his communications. The periscope of a submarine was soon discovered. The electric devices of the Starland and the Washington had suddenly failed to work—just as Martian Ray had promised they would. Captain and crew of the submarine were all masked. The millions in gold were transferred to the Conqueror, which again submerged. Meanwhile, electric power was restored to the two American ships and they sailed away, only to run into a terrific 72-hour storm.

A few minutes before the birth of the new year, 2000 A. D., word was received from Martian Ray that the gold had been delivered to his agent. Therefore, he wished all the American republics a happy and prosperous new year. Towards the end of January the Starland and the Washington steamed up New York harbor and tied up at the Hudson River docks.

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This story began in No. 35, the Ledger for Sept. 2. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VIII.
EUROPE STARTLED BY STRANGE MARCONIGRAM.

THE scene now changes from peaceful America to war-ridden Europe.

The winter of 1999-2000 had come and gone with many a sanguinary battle having been fought in that land of chaos and perpetual war—Europe.

More millions of human beings had been added to the sum total—that had been sent untimely to their Maker by the hand of their fellow beings.

Ever since the historic and never-to be-forgotten year of 1914, when the great World War had so precipitately broken out, Europe had known no rest, no peace. Tho that great war had technically terminated on November 11th, 1918, it nevertheless had broken out again sporadically. No League of Nations nor Disarming Conference had availed to bring about a lasting and perpetual peace.

After twenty years of apparent peace among the greater European nations, during which time new fighting armies had been born and grown to manhood, another great war had again broken out—Mars once more had come to earth and rivers of blood again flowed thru unhappy Europe.

And ever since then up to the present time, the year 2000, war upon war had occurred in regular cycles of time, in Mars-ruled Europe. Happily, far-away America had taken no part in these wars other than growing rich by supplying those war-mad nations with war engines. Ever since 1918, when the first cycle of these wars had terminated, the American republics, each and all, had maintained a strict attitude of neutrality.

Just think of it! For eighty-five years Europe had been in the alternate grip of War and Peace. A cycle of War, then a cycle of Peace. When and where would such a state of affairs end?

Surely it was time to put a lasting stop to these inhuman and devilish massacres. But no, the powers that be, the powers that ruled in that God-forgotten land, willed it not so. According to the usual trend of affairs this war of wars was not yet scheduled to end for some time.

Now that spring had come once more with its promise of better and warmer weather, plans for fierce fighting on all fronts were being formed by every belligerent nation.

Evidently there was to be no peace—lasting peace—until one side had practically annihilated the other. Both sides were inexorable and stubborn. The many peace overtures and proposals that had been made by the various neutral powers had repeatedly been ignored or found too unsatisfactory for one side or the other to accept.

But with the coming spring, in this year 2000, a new and unexpected development or phase was about to manifest itself to these stubborn warring powers. A mysterious star was about to rise up in the firmament of Fate that was destined to exert a weird influence and play a star-role in this new war-drama, and at the same time cower those same powers that were staging it.

A mighty and weirdly mysterious power was in the hands of one man who would use it to tame the warring powers of war-infested Europe in spite of themselves. This new and mysterious element that was to play the star and final part in the war-drama was about to manifest or declare itself.

This new star had already been shining upon the America firmament of Fate for the past six months. And now it had suddenly traveled eastwards across the sea and was due to rise up on Europe's sky-line for all to see and marvel and wonder at. Perhaps it was to bring them peace and a sweeter life.

In other words, the war situation, or the war's problems, had passed, unknown and unexpected by any one, from the control of the powers that ruled these warrings nations to the control of one man—a mysterious and unknown man, who remained always invisible and gave his orders and commands entirely by wireless.

The same mysterious being that had apparently conquered the whole of the American republics was about to undertake the herculean and seemingly impossible task of conquering war-mad Europe, and thus save it from self-destruction, by bringing about peace—everlasting peace—to the warring hordes of bloody Europe.

And Martian Ray, the "king of the world," was the man who had elected himself to the position of "peace-maker."

AT PRECISELY 1 a. m.—London, England, time—on the morning of April 1st, 2000, more commonly known as "All Fools Day," or "April Fool Day," every wireless station ashore, and every wireless instrument afloat on ships, on the whole of the Eastern Hemisphere, from the 20th meridian of west longitude in the West, to the 160th meridian of east longitude in the far East, and extending as far north and south as there were

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Betty Blue Eyes is 13 inches tall, has curly brown hair, nice little lace trimmed organdie dress; slippers and stockings. Also the cutest little sweater cap. Surely there is nothing that would delight the heart of a little girl any more than this wonder doll.

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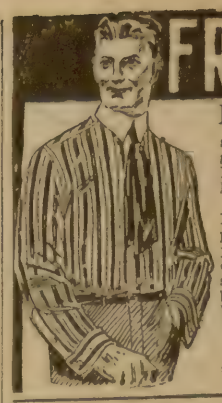

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wireless stations in working order, began spluttering and clattering intensely, for a strange and mysterious and unknown and extra-powerful wireless station was calling to every one simultaneously.

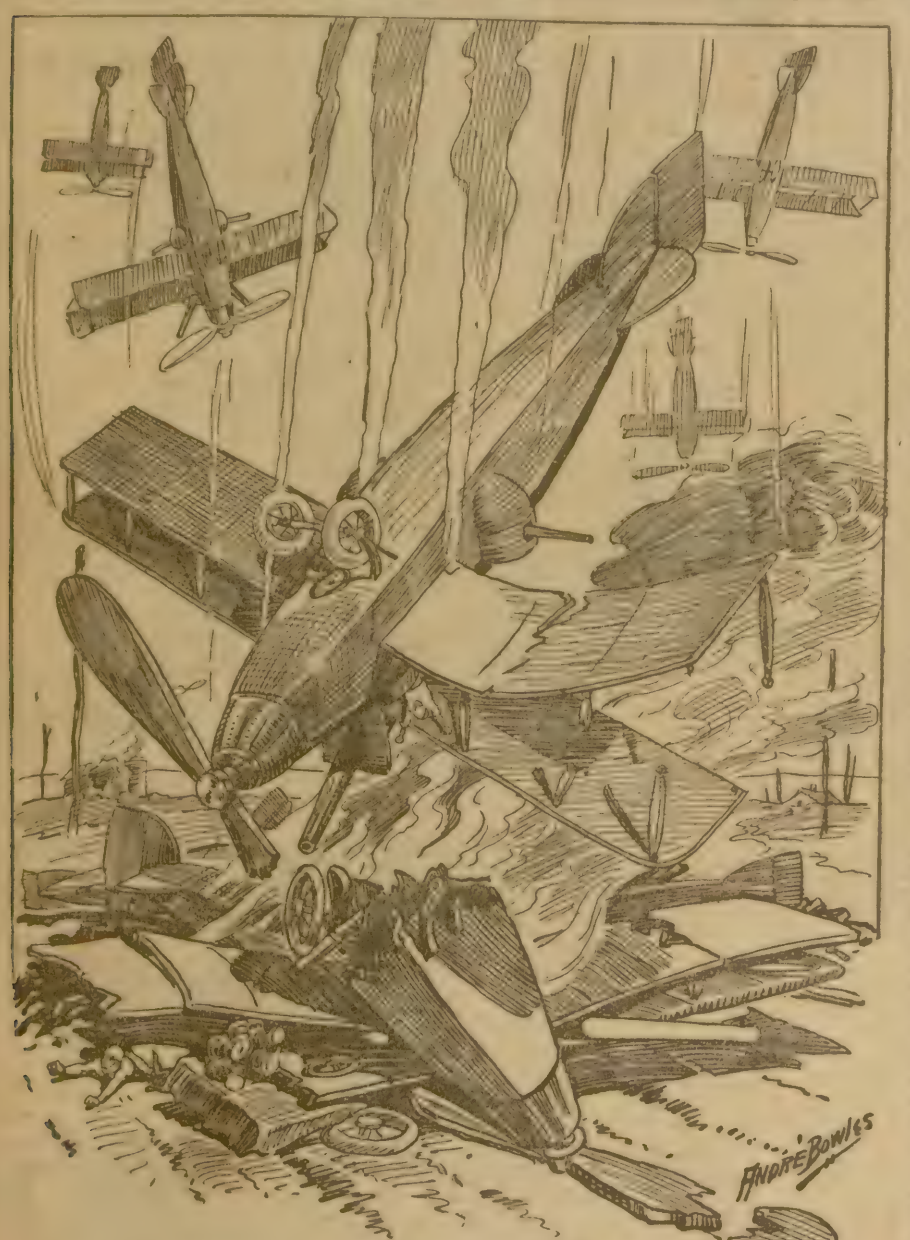
The following is the strange message that was picked up and heard by all those sleepy-eyed and lonely wireless operators, who at first thought the message to be some April fool joke. But as the full message came slowly in, word by word, they were at last forced to think otherwise. Even tho the message sounded extremely preposterous they could not doubt its authenticiay, for were they not fully aware of messages received from the same apparent source by their brother operators in far-off

ruler whom you, one and all, must faithfully obey. Please to remember this and be loyal to me.

I am the master-king and master-ruler over all you kings, queens, emperors, empresses, presidents and governors, millionaires and paupers alike.

All of you, one and all, are henceforth under one flag, my flag—the white, gold and silver, the world-emblem of true harmony, peace, love and contentment. This new, and only ensign of the future, shall soon fly from every masthead ashore and afloat. It will be the world-flag—the one and only flag over all humanity.

But enough of this for the present.



In This Manner Many of These Aircrafts Were Destroyed.

America during the last couple of months of the past year.

Nevertheless, some of those operators were startled into a panic of fear and dread, a fear of the supernatural, the mysterious, the weird, the unknown and the inexplicable.

H-e-l-l-o, E-u-r-o-p-e, h-e-l-l-o, h-e-l-l-o! H-e-l-l-o, E-u-r-o-p-e!

H-e-l-l-o, a-l-l y-e w-a-r-r-i-n-g n-a-t-i-o-n-s, h-e-l-l-o!

H-e-l-l-o, a-l-l y-e r-u-l-e-r-s o-f t-h-e w-a-r-r-i-n-g E-u-r-o-p-e-a-n c-o-u-n-t-r-i-e-s. H-e-l-l-o, h-e-l-l-o, h-e-l-l-o!

Greetings from your king, your ruler, the king of the world.

I, your king, the king of the whole world, make my bow to you even as I did, sometime ago, to America, to my American subjects.

I am the master-king, the master-

I must now give you warring nations my first order, and I hope you will heed and obey it. As you know, all the American republics have felt and seen of my power for their disobedience of my orders. Surely you do not want my power to be manifested, or demonstrated to you too in order to make you believe in me?

Now for my first order and royal command:

I, as your king and master, order and command all you warring nations to instantly cease hostilities. To cease fighting. To stop the war. To declare peace unconditionally, and within one week at the very latest. Otherwise you will have to answer to me for disobeying my mandate. You will have to war with me. But remember, I am unconquerable, all-powerful and invincible. Even tho the whole world turn upon me I fear it not. Nothing can harm nor vanquish me. But, on the other hand, I can harm you all—destroy and annihilate you all. I hold your fate, your very existence, in my hands, my power.

But, my dear subjects, I do not want to harm you one bit. I want to do you good. I want that we should be the best of friends. I have taken the position I have, as king of the world, in order to help it along in a peaceful manner. To keep one nation or a combination of nations from warring upon one another.

Remember, my dear subjects, one week's time to make peace among yourselves and thereby acknowledge my sovereignty over you all.

In the name of Heaven, of humanity, of love and charity I beg of you to obey my command to stop the war immediately, and to turn about and resume your peaceful occupations. You will never regret it.

In conclusion I but say: Remember America and what happened to her a few months ago. Do not call down upon yourselves this punishment that was theirs. Do not call down upon yourselves my terrible vengeance. More anon.

MARTIAN RAY, King of the World.

Surely, after reading the above marconigram, which apparently came from some insane person somewhere out in the world, you will not blame or ridicule those poor lonely wireless operators, who stood their midnight vigil all alone, for thinking themselves insane or bewitched as they sat there at their instruments thruout that trying midnight period, receiving and recording word by word the strangest of strange messages that had ever been heard.

But as soon as the message had become public property thruout the world, it had a wonderful effect upon every one. Not only the warring-nations, to whom it was addressed, marveled at it, but also the neutral ones as well, all over the world.

At the very first the public was rather inclined to treat the strange message simply as an April Fool joke. That is, the public of the warring-nations. The American public, already having had their fingers burnt, as it were, looked upon it in a different light. The demands contained in the message were altogether too preposterous and impossible of acceptance. Therefore, no one in Europe really credited the marconigram as being other than a huge joke.

But when, after a time, the novelty and wonder the message had occasioned had passed away somewhat, and the message was given further and more serious thought and consideration, it was gradually brought home to nearly everybody that there must be something to it other than a playful joke or prank.

The memory of messages received from a similar source by the American republic was still fresh in the minds of every one. Therefore, it was reasonable to suppose that this message addressed to all the warring nations also meant business, even as those messages meant business to America. Those same American republics had at first accepted their strange message from the unknown as a joke, too, but to their sorrow and cost.

So there was no getting away from the fact that Europe—war-mad Europe—the Old World, had at last received its mysterious ultimatum from Martian Ray, the "king of the world," even as America, the New World, had received hers only a few months before.

But, of course, the substance of these ultimatums were altogether different from one another. The demands that were made upon Europe were entirely of a different nature from those that had been made upon America.

The demands made upon Europe were for the ultimate good of humanity—for its welfare, for the sudden ceasing of the present inhuman state of affairs, to stop the war. While the demands that had been made upon America were, to say the least, the very opposite.

The people of these war-ridden European countries, and of the whole world in common, for that matter, were ready to welcome anything that offered a possible solution for ending age-old war. Hence every one fully entertained hopes that this self-styled "king of the world," Martian Ray by name, would really be able to do something towards putting an end to the present Titantic and bloody conflict. They welcomed anything so long as it would stop the war. They eagerly awaited further messages or developments from the unknown, mysterious Martian Ray.

The momentous questions that were in every one's mind and on many lips were these:

What will the governments of these warring nations do about the message that was addressed to them by Martian Ray? Would they act favorably upon the message's demands or would they simply ignore it entirely? Would the war offices and the heads of governments look upon the mysterious message with favor, and act accordingly—open communication with each other and thus strive to arrive at an amicable understanding, end the wars, declare peace?

Would the war offices of the fighting nations believe in this Martian Ray, this self-styled king of the world, and do as he demanded forthwith? Would they realize that the war situation had passed out of their hands, out of their control, out of their jurisdiction and into the hands of this Martian Ray person? Would they now realize that this unknown being was about to play the role of master chemist as he presided over the crucible of Fate into which he had put War, and was going to transmute it into Peace—universal, perpetual Peace? Would they know and realize all this? Of course not. No one had the power to see into the future and look upon whatever Fate was brewing.

Sad it is to say it, and more so to have to record it here, the various war offices simply ridiculed the message and its mythical sender.

No, the warring governments would not act upon the demands of the message. 'Twas all too fantastical, too

(Continued on Page 20.)

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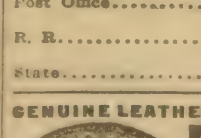

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Choice of Reindeer or Navy Blue

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This splendid coat is mixed wool polaire. A new model with back attached to yoke, and hanging in loose graceful lines. Back trimmed with art silk stitching, and pointed straps adorned with fancy buttons and silk tassels. Wide collar finished with fancy stitching. Raglan sleeves. Cuffs and pockets trimmed with stitching and buttons to match back. Cross-style back confines slightly ripple front. Half lined with good quality Venetian. Sizes, bust 34 to 46. Length about 46 in.

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Harrison Parker

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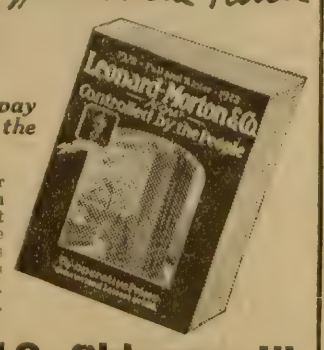

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If you don't send for any of these bargains, ask for our big Bargain Catalog which not only shows you thousands of other bargains but also tells you just how this big co-operative system works to save you money. See the bargains and get the facts about this plan. Learn how to give your dollars the greatest buying power they have had in years. Learn how you can cut down your cost of living. Post card or letter brings the Catalog.

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Co-operative Price

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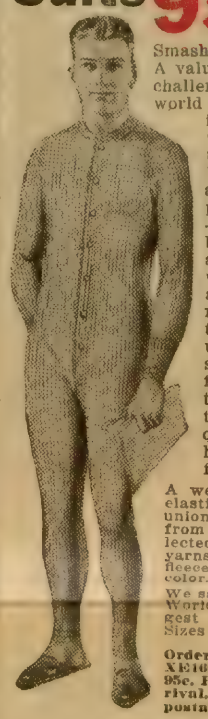

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Welding the Black Menace

(Continued From Page 4)

your point. It might be possible. Science can do almost anything. Gentlemen, it is well known that some diseases prey upon the blacks and do not attack the whites—who have immunity from them—such a disease, for example, as that called by the Europeans "the black death," which killed half the inhabitants of western Europe during the late Middle Ages. We might even introduce such a disease amongst the natives of the Soudan and the Congo after we have made use of their labor to make the country sanitary for us."

"Or Dr. Von Keller," said Dr. Rhock, speaking for the first time, "we might murder them off wholesale, as the Turks murder the Armenians whenever they become too numerous or too prosperous."

"I will have nothing to do with such a scheme or with Herr Von Keller's scheme either!" cried Vronovski, who had taken Dr. Rhock's suggestion seriously. "I regard the black man as my brother. Let us make his country sanitary and safe both for him and for us. I have learned from competent engineers and plant experts that enough food could be grown in the Congo Basin to feed the entire population of the globe, provided the ground is made by scientific methods to produce its maximum. Then let the whites and the blacks live there together side by side. Let them intermarry if they choose. The mixed races are the strongest races on earth anyway. Look at the Russian. He is mixed of the yellow races of Asia and the white man from Scandinavia. Look at the German. He is again mixed of the yellow and white, while the Frank and the Anglo-Saxon are entirely white; and look how weak they are compared with the Russ and the Prussian."

At this the Jap curled his lip in a sneer, being purely unmixed himself and of an unmixed colored race. Dr. Rhook said:

"Are you sure, Mr. Vronovski, about the weakeness of the Frenchman—the Frank, as you call him—and the Anglo-Saxon? That is precisely our trouble, I think—the strength of these two peoples. Gentlemen, before you can make the Congo and the Soudan and the Niger regions safe and sanitary you must wrest them from the French, the Belgians and the British—three pure white races—and when you try it, look out." The old man spoke very calmly, in a tone of certitude.

Von Keller flared up. "Bah, we will train the African negro to fight our battles for us. That can be done. Military science is the one thing that inferior races learn from superior ones very quickly. It would take three centuries to teach an African to appreciate the poetry of Goethe or the music of Mozart, but you can teach him the art of Hindenburg and Von Moltke in a very short time.

"And now for a motive," continued the Prussian. "There is nothing that will make men fight like religious fanaticism. Many of the people of the Soudan and the Niger Basin are already Mohammedans. Let them all be taught this beautiful religion by our paid missionaries; and then let their war against the British and French and Belgians take the form of a Mohammedan crusade. In that case all we will have to do is to supply the generalship. Prussia will undertake that commission if Ferishta Pasha and the Bow da Rand here will undertake the early missionary work."

"I am not myself a Mohammedan," said the Hindoo Prince.

"But you could turn to that faith if the rewards were sufficiently great, could you not?" asked the Prussian.

"For the humiliation of the Anglo-Saxon races I would be willing to become a demon worshipper." The eyes of the Marhatta Prince flashed with hatred.

"And before supplying funds for this religious campaign and for the military activities to follow what guarantee is the Mikado to have that you will actually drag the United States in?" asked Hergoshima, speaking at last.

"Oh, never fear. We will drag her in," answered Von Keller. "We will attack Liberia, her pet negro republic; and we will enlist niggers in the United States for the prosecution of the war. Never fear but that they will flock to our standard fast enough. I already have a dozen agents in New Orleans and New York. They will begin to spread our propaganda the moment that I give them the word."

"Are you all agreed then, gentlemen, as to what you will get out of this?" He spoke with carefully veiled sarcasm, so that one and all thought him sincere. "Let me summarize." He checked off on the delicate fingers of his left hand. One, Turkey sees her religion spread after a continent; two, India humiliates England; three, Japan humiliates the United States and gains a foothold in North America; four, Russia secures a place in the sun for the overflow of her population; and five, Prussia gets revenge on the Anglo-Saxon, the Belgian and the Frankish races. Is that the understanding?"

"Yes, yes!" agreed one and all.

"Then you have only to arrange the preliminaries for the missionary campaign," said Dr. Rhook very suavely.

"Yes, that is true," said Herr von Keller. "Gentlemen, I believe I was to be placed at the head of that committee. I will myself become the field manager. You may be sure I understand advertising and publicity methods. Gentlemen, religion can be sold by a scientific selling campaign the same as anything else. Ferishta Pasha and the Bow da Rand will work under me, and Dr. Hergoshima has already agreed to supply the funds. For the rest, a noble Algerian woman, an ardent Moslem, and one who has lived and traveled in Africa since early girlhood, will assist us. Gentlemen, I have studied the Mohammedan religion very closely, and I see clearly that women can spread that religion faster than men. The skilful organization of thousands or even of tens of thousands of women volunteers will spread the faith of Islam faster than the preaching of all the Dervishes of the world."

As the Prussian spoke, there was the shadow of a sneer upon his fat, white face. It was the look of a man who has no faith in anything but force and trickery and science. There could have been no greater contrast than that in the look of the benign old man and this crafty schemer at this moment.

"You spoke of a noble lady, but now," said the old man, "Herr von Keller, may I ask if you had reference to Lady Khorassen el Jamil?"

The Prussian gave a start.

"I did not have her in mind," he lied; "but upon second thought, I believe she, too, would make an excellent worker in our cause."

"She is now living in Boulogne, in a great house surrounded by servants. There she mourns the death of her noble husband," murmured Dr. Rhook. "I could rather believe that she could turn Christian under that great grief than that she would become a missionary for Islam."

"Then let us drop her from our consideration," said the Prussian, while he fiddled nervously with a pen and penholder.

A few minutes later the conference broke up to meet again three days later, which would give each man time to send code wirelesses and cables to his home government.

Meanwhile Lady Khorassen el Jamil glanced at the hour glass upon her table and compared it with her wrist watch, and wondered if Dr. Rhook would be strictly on time as usual. She wondered also if the handsome young foreigner who had followed her early in the afternoon could possibly be the paid agent of the German Herr von Keller, who had been annoying her and frightening her ever since her husband's death.

CHAPTER III.

PROMPTLY on the hour of 5 the venerable figure of Dr. Rhook approached the grilled gate of the house where Lady Khorassen el Jamil lived. Harold Mortimer, who had deserted his friend at the Hotel Grand and hastened back to Boulogne, now saw the gate swing wide open for the stately old man, and got a glimpse up a broad, shrubbery-bordered walk, and saw the veiled lady standing upon the lowest step of her tall house waiting to greet the old man.

Mortimer had seen Dr. Rhook twice before—once he remembered well, in the Little Lutitia Cafe in Rue de Sevre. During that brief talk in the Little Lutitia the old man had impressed him as the wisest and most kindly being he had ever seen. Now Harold made up his mind that he would approach this old man at the next opportunity and learn from him if possible just who and what the veiled lady might be. Harold had a winning way about him and was almost never rebuffed by those he approached with his breezy and frank manner and his charming smile. He now walked once all around the grounds of the Lady Khorassen; then, as the dusk was falling rapidly and the spring air growing chilly and a wound he had received in Africa the year before was troubling him a bit, he took a turn back toward the St. Cloud bridge and then walked rapidly up the avenue toward the Port d' Auteuil and the subway station.

In the dusk of the street just outside the Port d' Auteuil he ran full shoulder into a stalwart fellow of perhaps 35 and recognized him by his muttered German oath as a man he knew slightly, the Prussian, Von Keller. Harold made no vocal sound, having learned long ago that silence is in all circumstances the best guarantee of secrecy.

But he did not return to Paris as had been his original intention.

Instead he turned about and began to shadow the Prussian thru the streets of Boulogne and finally saw him enter a tiny cafe in the Rue Escudier opposite the market. He waited for nearly an hour under a movable shed off the market enclosure inhaling the vile odor of rotting cabbage stalks and other vegetables refuse, and finally, fearing that Von Keller might slip out at the back of the place and thus elude him, he boldly crossed the street and entered the cafe.

Four very disreputable looking men seated around a little table at the back were drinking and talking excitedly, but in lowered tones. Harold walked up to the bar and bought a glass of citron vermuth and stood where he could look into the mirror and watch the actions of the four.

He soon saw that they were watching him quite as narrowly as he was them. He also saw that Von Keller was nowhere visible in the place.

"The Boche," he said to the great, fat barwoman, speaking in a low tone and in French, "he has doubtless gone out by the back way?"

"What Boche," asked the woman in real or pretended alarm. "O la la, was there then a Boche in my place?"

"There was," murmured Harold. "A big husky Prussian who looked like a wax figure of Prince Otto von Bismarck."

"Oh, no," said the fat woman, "there was certainly no such person in my place tonight; the American gentleman is mistaken."

Harold made a quick step and in an instant was behind the bar and had opened the little door leading down a narrow stair to the wine cellar.

"No, no, no, no," cried the fat French woman, "you must not. It is not permitted." And immediately the four men rose from the table and leaped forward in threatening attitudes.

"But what excitement over so small a thing," said Harold blandly. "You French people are so excitable!" He put the slight slur on the word French, as much as to tell the four men that he knew them to be German, at least in sympathy. He spoke on slowly with his kindest and most disarming smile. "I was going to examine the lady's stock of wines with the intention of buying a few litres. But since there is a skeleton in the closet, I shall of course pass on and leave him there. By the way, have any of you gentlemen seen Herr Becholdt von Keller tonight?"

Harold saw a startled look pass from eye to eye of every one present, and knew now for certain that he had stumbled into a nest of Prussian spies. As no one answered, he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Ah, I see you do not know the gentleman; well, so much the better for you, my gallant Frenchmen. I will bid you goodnight." And with that he passed out at the door.

But all the way up the narrow Rue Escudier and out into the broader and lighter street he kept his hand upon his automatic ready to use it if it became necessary. He wended his way almost unconsciously toward the grounds of the Lady Khorassen el Jamil.

Meanwhile the venerable Dr. Rhook was seated on a low divan speaking slowly and in a fatherly manner to the beautiful Algerian lady. As he spoke he gazed into a great crystal sphere.

His words were mysterious:

"I see here, oh, dear lady, that she who dreams greatly must act, and act greatly; otherwise her dreams will be her doom. I see that to act greatly she must purify her life with much inward musing. She

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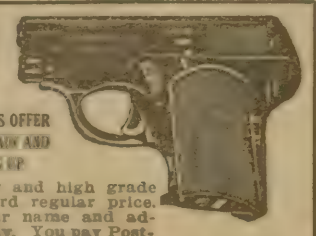

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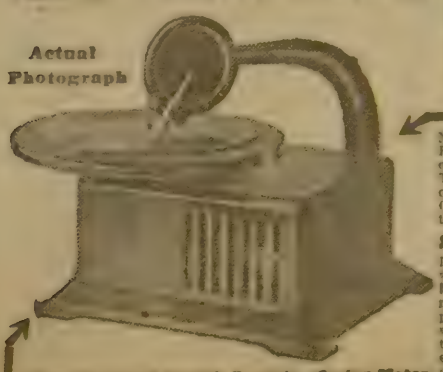

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must turn her thoughts inward upon herself and to the Deity inside her ego, which He inhabits. She must put aside all earthly vanities, all earthly ambitions, all pleasures of the body, even all merely esthetic pleasures of the soul. She must become as nothing, as a mere point in space without dimensions, considering the Godhead. Then at last when her soul is purified, the light from the Godhead will flood in and He will show her how best to accomplish her great purposes."

He looked up from the crystal and continued speaking in the same solemn tone:

"Men have laughed at me for being a crystal gazer. They seem to think I pretend to see actual visions inside this simple globe of glass. I do not. I simply turn my eyes into its depths in order to shut out all worldly thoughts and fix my soul upon the Deity. It has a sort of mesmeric effect upon the brain, so that the conscious ego and the subconscious mind blend together for the moment and thus catch the perfect light. Men claim to be able to catch the truth by conscious methods of reasoning. Such a thing is impossible because the machinery of thought and the thinking itself get mixed up and hamper each other. Such methods of thought have led to all the great mistakes that statesmen and nations have been guilty of. Nations have been led to believe that they could make successful wars by this 'logical method' of reasoning, and have gone down in defeat.

"Lady Khorassen, only this afternoon I heard five men trying to reason by the 'logical method,' and they think their conclusions are correct because they checked them in every direction. Had any one of them gone into the silence for five minutes he would have come out and condemned the whole scheme as untenable and dangerous. Mind you I do not say that man cannot reason on small things by the conscious method. In such matters as working out an engineering problem or a move in the game of chess the method will work. But in matters that regard the destinies of large masses of humanity, the method will not work, for the reason that conscious thinking gets clogged with details so that far results are obscured. But when one goes into the silence, all petty details fall away; only great considerations appear; and the process of reaching conclusions becomes so simplified, that the man is supposed to have found them by inspiration. That is how the old prophets of the Bible reached their remarkably accurate conclusions."

DR. RHOOK ceased speaking and placed the crystal ball in the hands of the beautiful lady.

"Gaze into the depths of this crystal," he commanded. "Think of nothing. Each thought that appears drive it away by refusing to follow it up, as we say. Say to yourself over and over: 'I am nobody. I am nothing. I am growing smaller and smaller. I am a mere mote. I am a mere point in space without dimensions. I am a mere nothing—a mere nothing— a mere nothing.'"

Sleepily the woman repeated the words after the sage and finally ceased to speak altogether and seemed to be gazing into the very heart of the crystal sphere.

Then presently she began to speak in Arabic, the language of her childhood. She spoke as follows:

"God is great. His spirit is everywhere—in the winds and the ocean currents, in the sprouting of herbs and in the actions of men. Each acts blindly not knowing the thing it does. Men acts as blindly as the winds or the rivers or the budding plants. Men make war blindly, not knowing what they do. Women love and bear children blindly, not knowing what they do. But God knows all. Allah sees and knows all. It is all ordered. God is the only God, but Mohammed is no more his prophet than I am or than Dr. Rhook is. Oh, help me! Dr. Rhook! Dr. Rhook! Help me, I am falling!" She swayed dizzily and let the crystal sphere fall to the rug at her feet.

Then she looked at her white-haired teacher and laughed nervously.

"Oh, Dr. Rhook," she said. "I have been into the silence. I have come out of it a wiser woman. What did I say? Oh. I fear the experience has shaken my faith in the religion of my fathers. I fear if I go in again I will no longer be a good Musselman!" The woman was plainly terrified by her experience.

"And what did the silence tell you, my daughter?" asked the old man in his most soothing tones.

"It told me—ah, it told me that you or I or any one who goes into the silence and draws near the Godhead may become just as much a prophet of Allah as Mohammed himself. Oh, what is this that you have induced me to do? I will never gaze into that crystal again!"

"Hist," warned the old man. "There is a man at the gate. It is Herr Becholdt von Keller, whom you fear. Fear him not. I am telling the gate keeper to admit him. There is a man not far behind him, a young man, an American, the man whom I saw in the Little Lutitia." All this the old man said as if he were looking from a window in broad daylight, altho, as a matter of fact, the two were inside an inner room of Lady Khorassen's palace.

"You see?" asked the lady. "You see, altho it is quite dark out there and there are many walls between?"

"I see what is in men's thoughts. The Prussian has been admitted thru the gate. I am telling the gatekeeper not to admit the American. The Prussian is coming up the walk. I am telling the doorkeeper to admit him. He is coming down the corridor. He is about to enter this room. You fear him. Fear him not."

At that moment the door of the chamber opened and a footman announced: "Herr Becholdt von Keller."

Von Keller stepped into the room.

"Ah, I see you are not alone, Lady Khorassen," said Von Keller, as he handed his hat to the footman and laid his gloves and stick upon a table. "I need no introduction to Dr. Rhook; we are already quite well acquainted. Dr. Rhook, I am delighted, I assure you, to find myself in your company again."

"Yes," replied Rhook, "you see me here with Lady Khorassen el Jamil engaged in the innocent pastime of crystal gazing. It is a most amusing pastime. Have you ever tried it?"

The Prussian made a wry face.

"No, and I do not wish to."

"Ah, I see. You are a serious man of affairs with no time for the child's-play of a lonely woman and a doddering old man. Then with the Lady Khorassen's permission I should like to discuss with you further the affair we were conversing about this afternoon. Lady Khorassen, with your kind permission."

The Algerian lady, who had dropped her veil the moment the Prussian was announced, now swept from the room. Dr. Rhook now picked up the crystal from the floor and held it out to Von Keller.

"This will serve us as a globe," he said in a matter of fact tone. "For such men as you and me, who know every principality, and republic, and protectorate on earth, it takes a very little reminder to bring the map back to our inner vision. Now here, where I place my finger, is Arabia, next to the west lies the Sahara, and just here where I put my little finger is the Niger basin. Consider it well. Can you see that basin, and the Soudan, and the Sahara? Can you see every river, every wady, every oasis, every camel route. Look and try more intently to remember it all as you would close your eyes and remember the position of every man in the midst of a game of chess. It is very necessary, in order to understand fully what I am about to say, for you to vision forth this whole region with its every detail."

The Prussian was gazing now intently at the sphere, apparently into it, in his effort to fix all he knew about the region in his mind.

"I see it all," he said at length half dreamily.

"Now," continued the old teacher, "think of your single self in relation to all this. Think of yourself as nothing, as nobody, as a mere mote among a million of other motes upon this globe. To understand what I mean, say to yourself: 'I am nothing. I am a mere point in space. I am nothing—nothing—nothing. The man called Von Keller is not I. I am just that man's ego, a mere point in space, into which the light from the universe is flooding—flooding—flooding.'"

The Prussian found himself repeating what the sage dictated. Then all at once he fell silent and gazed intently into the heart of the crystal sphere.

At the same moment the door opened and Harold Mortimer stepped, unannounced, into the room, followed by the Lady Khorassen. At that moment the Prussian began to speak in a strange, low, sepulchral voice:

"God is great. Science is a plaything of mankind. It is a two-edged blade that cuts the children that try to play with it. Five children have hoped for five different reasons to take possession of Africa—India, Turkey, Japan, Germany and Russia. Their followers will fight blindly and die blindly for a packet of lies, and there will be blood, blood, blood. And at last the Negro man will become the master of the whi—— My God; what am I saying?" The man raised the crystal above his head and

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Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family. There was no prospect for the future.

Today, just two years later, I am a successful business man. I have plenty of money for all the things we need and want. Last month I made $876 during my spare time, and was able to put $200 a week in my savings account.

I am going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile, but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but we couldn't afford that.

It made me desperate to think what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardships might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theatre, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I had worked hard eight hours a day for $50 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket and next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded beyond any dream I may have had two years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

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.....

flung it with all his force at Dr. Rhook. An instant later he leaped at the venerable old man as if to throttle him, but he did not do so; Harold Mortimer caught him from behind and held him fast.

CHAPTER IV.

HAROLD MORTIMER had a strange experience. Having arrived before that gate in time to see the Prussian admitted, he waited and watched for a few moments and then had a sudden impulse to cross the street and enter the gate himself. He crossed the street and tried the gate only to find it closed. Then as he was about to turn away the gate was swung open and either a living voice, or a voice in his brain—he never knew which—said, "Enter."

Harold passed in and went up the wall, feeling all the time as if he were in a dream, and having in the back of his brain at the same time the suspicion that he was being trapped by the Prussian. Having arrived at the door he was once more told to enter, this time by the actual voice of the footman, who directed him to pass down the hall and enter the third door to the right. Not only this, but the beautiful veiled girl that he had followed in the early afternoon now motioned silently to him to follow her, and led him to the door.

So, as the German began to talk in his strange voice he found himself standing just behind him and facing Dr. Rhook. He heard all that the Prussian said, but was so dazed by his experience that he did not catch him in time to prevent him from hurling the large glass sphere at Dr. Rhook.

"Here, what is the meaning of all this?" demanded Von Keller as Harold held him gripped.

"It means nothing," said Dr. Rhook suavely, as he surveyed a broken mirror before which he was standing when he dodged the sphere, "except that you have been into the silence, Herr von Keller. Did you not learn something there?"

"Yes, I learned that you are a traitor to the cause you pretend to represent and a traitor to Lady Khorassen as well. Furthermore, if this beast that is holding me will let me go, I will put you where all traitors belong."

"Release him," commanded Dr. Rhook quietly.

Harold unpinioned the man's arms.

At once the Prussian leaped with knife upraised toward the old man.

"Down!"

The Prussian dropped to his knees and let the knife fall to the floor.

"Now listen, Herr von Keller," said the sage. "You did a truth while you were in silence. I know it because you uttered it aloud. You said that if this five-fold scheme to dismember Africa and humiliate England and France and the United States was carried thru, the Negro man would finally dominate the white races. That is true. If the whites start fighting each other with the Negroes and the Japanese, also a colored race, for their allies; the Negroes and Japanese will end by making the whites their slaves. You started to utter that truth, but the thought was so shocking to your proud white blood that you came out of the silence before it was uttered. Man, I forgive you for the crime you were about to perpetrate against the world. You have now seen the light. Go forth and sin no more. Rise. Go."

"But, if you were not for this thing, why did you agree to sit in at our council today?" demanded the Prussian.

"I sat in at that council to see what counsel would prevail there. If you were all of the same mind as the Russian Vronovski, the thing might seem plausible. But even he is poisoned by false doctrines, for he believes in the intermarrying of strange races. Now the truth is the whites can only maintain their greatness by guarding their white blood jealously, and the yellow, brown, and black races can become great only by following their own ancient wisdom, not by copying Western ways and trying to intermarry with the whites.

"The Japanese are shrewd, but they have not yet learned the lesson—that imitation is as fatal to a nation as it is to an individual. They must develop their own genius, go their own way alone."

"The fate of a traitor shall be yours," thundered the Prussian, hate showing in every line of his fat, white face.

"I can die but once," replied the old man calmly. "The knife and the pistol of the assassin have always cut off the wisest from the councils of the world. But I know your schemes. I shall reveal them to others. You cannot change your plan, because you have picked upon the only possible plans that can promise any hope of success. But consider while there is yet time. Recant. For the sake of your own soul spare the world this further shedding of blood. Germany, if she will, may go her humble way in peace. She should walk softly all the remainder of her life, thanking God she has been spared. Will you not advise your government against this scheme?"

"No."

"Then go, and speak no more; and may God have mercy upon your lost soul."

The Prussian slunk from the room like a whipped cur.

"I too, must go," said the old man a moment later to Lady Khorassen. "I leave you two young people together. It is good that young people should commune together. I know this youth, Lady Khorassen. He is a good youth, and you need not fear to trust him."

While Harold stammered and bowed and hardly knew what to say, the old man had made his departure, leaving the and Lady Khorassen alone together.

"Will you not be seated, Mr.——

"Harold Mortimer of New York," supplied the young man.

"Be seated, Mr. Mortimer. I am called Lady Khorassen el Jamil, and when at home dwell in the Algerian Sahara on the Wady Igharghar, near the great Shott of Al Tanegar. I suppose you think it very strange what you saw and heard here tonight?"

"It is strange," said Harold. "But I like the old man, Dr. Rhook. I wish he had not gone out alone tonight. I know it to be a fact that this German has four cutthroats to help him in his dirty work. If they should catch the old man it might be the end of him."

"But did you see how he conquered the German by the mere act of his will?" asked Lady Khorassen.

"Ah, he might do that with one; but not with five," cried Harold. "Please excuse me, dear lady, and allow me to shadow him up the street in order to protect him."

"Perhaps that is better," said Lady Khorassen, "but you will call again tomorrow. It is the old man's will, and really I should like to talk with you and get some advice."

"I will come again, surely," said Halold, as he hurried from the room and down the hall.

Arriving in the street he saw nothing of the tall old man whom he sought, but turned toward Paris and the station of Michael Ange, thinking that the most likely route for him to take. He almost ran in that direction, hoping to come up with Dr. Rhook, but he never did. And when he arrived at the subway, and asked the girl at the ticket window, she replied that she had seen the old man described pass out of the station that afternoon, as he had on many occasions, but that he had not come in that night.

He turned back sadly toward Boulogne, fearing lest something had already befallen the man he wished to protect. He passed in his search back past the grounds of Lady Khorassen and then thru the Rue Escudier. But the little cafe there was closed and dark. He hurried on past the market, on toward the river, not knowing which way to turn in his search, and presently he was upon the river bank beneath the brilliant lights that reflected themselves in the smoothly gliding water.

Here he felt a little calmer and tried to collect his thoughts. Doubtless after all, the man had returned to Paris by some other route or was passing the night with a friend. Such a man as he could command hospitality anywhere. Had not the little humble ticket seller at the subway station spoken of him almost as of a personal friend.

He was musing thus and watching the wavering stars in the river when all at once he heard a faint outcry. Then a voice of thunder:

"Down. Down."

It was up the river bank from where he was standing, and snatching the automatic from his pocket he started with a leap in that direction. He arrived in time to see a whirling mass of men upon the ground. In the starlight, he could just make out that the old man was under that mass. These scoundrels were evidently trying to murder him with their hands in order to leave no tell-tale marks of blood.

He leaped into the melee. Drew one big scoundrel's head back by his hair and struck him a blow in the temple with the butt of his automatic that settled him for the time being.

A second leaped clear of the mass and started toward him, but he dodged low and landed him a solar plexus blow that likewise doubled him up. But by this time the other two, seeing their new antagonist, left the old man moaning on the ground and came at him from two directions at once. He fought them with his fists, still keeping the automatic in his left hand, to which he had passed it, when he struck the second man with his right.

One man clinched with him and in a jiffy Mortimer was down and they were both upon him. And the hands of one powerful assailant were beginning to get a grip upon his throat. Then he fired three times rapidly at random, in the general direction of the river.

The firing of the pistol had an effect like magic upon the culprits. Each broke clear of him, and grabbing a half-unconscious man under the armpits rushed him off from the scene.

Mortimer might have been able to halt them by a threat to fire, but he did not wish long and complicated explanations with the French officials, and so he tried only once or twice to halt them, and then turned to the old man. To the few men and the old gendarme that came on the run, he explained that Dr. Rhook had fainted and fallen upon some stones, and that he had fired his pistol for an alarm to gain some assistance to carry him to the house of a noble lady who lived not far away.

A half hour later he and Lady Khorassen had dressed the old man's bruises, and Harold had put him comfortably to bed at her house and was once more sitting in her room, talking to her about the strange events of the night.

CHAPTER V.

HE TOLD her that he felt sure Von Keller had inspired the attack upon the old man, that he had doubtless gone straight to the Rue Escudier upon leaving her house and instructed his paid cutthroats what to do. Why they had come upon Dr. Rhook on the river was a harder question. But they calculated that the old gentleman thinking it wiser not to proceed toward Paris that night, had gone in the other direction and may have been strolling and musing on the bank of the river when he was set upon. He was doubtless a man of strange habits, and there was no telling what he might do in any given set of circumstances.

"At any rate, he is safe for the time being," said Mortimer. "But in future I will have to keep him constantly under my protection, for he is certainly a marked man. But now, Lady Khorassen," he continued, "tell me what it was that you wished to get my advice upon. If there is anything I can do for you, rest assured that I will be honored to do it."

"As I told you tonight, I am an Algerian woman from the Algerian Sahara," replied the lady. "I am the widow of a tribal chief. My husband, with most of his tribe, came to France and fought for the Franks in the World War. Nearly all of the men of my tribe were killed, killed with poison gas at the Battle of Ypres. Now there is no one at home to protect our women and children but a few cripples, a few old men and a few young boys. I am not a modern woman, as you probaly can guess. I care nothing for vainglory, but all my heart is with the widows and orphans of my tribe." She spoke with great emotion. "They look up to me now as their leader since my husband, their chief, is dead; and I remain here in France in order that I may draw money from the great Frankish government for their sustenance. This house the government furnishes me free of cost, together with my living and the living of my servants. But at home things are in a bad way. There are only a few old Dervishes left to teach the faith to the young boys and girls of the tribe; the herds are dwindling away; the irrigation ditches are drying up. My husband employed skillful engineers to develop the our lands. But now, so my un-

(Continued on Page 22.)

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The End of the Trail

(Concluded From Page 6)

they stole past the ruined barn, across the yard to the door of the shack. Len peeped in at the window.

"He is in there alone," he whispered. "Jenkins is either asleep or else he's out. Be careful!"

Bertha tapped softly. A chair scraped noisily, then the door opened and Smith stood silhouetted against the lamplight.

"Is that you, Jenkins?" he asked, peering into the gloom. Bertha stepped forward.

"My brother and I wish to speak to you."

Smith turned, with a courteous gesture, and drew two chairs to the stove. Then, as there were no others, he seated himself upon the edge of the table.

Bertha scanned him curiously as he waited quietly for her to begin. His face, seen in the lamplight, looked weary and lined. He sat there, swinging a leg, and looking at her with an air of mild but uninterested inquiry.

"We've come," she said, suddenly, "to ask you why you murdered Thomas Harding—Mr. Dean!"

She felt Len draw breath with a sharp intake. The man before them neither spoke nor changed color, but the leg which had been swinging became perfectly still.

The room was so still that the ticking of a small alarm clock broke on the silence with hammer-like blows. Unconsciously, she began to count the ticks—"one, two, three, four——"

Len leaned forward, his hands gripping the sides of his chair. Bertha could feel the tense muscles in the arm touching hers.

"Twenty-four, twenty-five——"

That motionless figure against the table—would it ever move? Would they ever move? Could she move? She attempted to stir a finger and seemed to wrestle with a terrible inertia. Still that relentless count continued——

"Thirty-five, thirty-six——"

She must move! Some one must move or she must scream!

"Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fif——"

"It seems to me——" The figure at the table was speaking! "I've been kind of expecting this, ever since last night."

The blood rushed wildly thru Bertha's veins, pounding at her ears, swelling in her throat.

"Then," she cried hoarsely, "then you don't deny it!"

"Deny?" he caught at the word with scorn. "When he took from me both good name and future wife and left me to roam about the world, seeking work where no one knew my record! Deny? When all these years I have been living with that one object, and now my life is ended, because it is won." The eyes were no longer remote, they were alive and blazing. "How much do you know?" he asked, in a quieter tone.

"We know that you were arrested for trying to sell some bogus nuggets, and that Mr. Harding married the girl."

"Harding buried those nuggets where I should find them. I discovered the man who had sold them to him. He said they were used for paperweights. When I was freed I shipped as cook on a voyage to Australia. I've herded sheep on Australian ranches, and felled trees in New Zealand forests, but every minute of every day I was looking forward to the time when I should return for my revenge."

Bertha shivered, and slid her hand into Len's. In a moment Smith continued:

"I heard while I was out there that he abused—her—till she died. I came back after twenty years determined to take his life—his vile life for her sweet, gentle one. I changed my name to Smith and got a job here without raising his suspicions. Then, with my revenge right in my hand, I began to ask myself: What was the use? Harding had prospered, but he was not happy. His soul had sunk deeper and deeper in the pile of dollars that he'd raised. For me, life was spoiled and useless. Nothing that I could do to Harding would bring back my girl.

"If his hellish cruelty had not broken out again he might have escaped. I was wakeful last night, and I thought I heard the barn door roll. After a time I went out and saw smoke coming from the barn. I ran in and there in the driveway was a huge pile of blazing straw and Harding—the fiend!—was spraying kerosene around. The poor beasts were getting nervous and stirring in their stalls. A crowbar in a corner caught the glitter of the firelight. I caught it in my hands and—and he went down without a sound."

Bertha covered her face with her hands.

"Good God!" exclaimed Len, with sudden comprehension. "The bottom out of the cattle market, and——"

"The cattle all insured," finished Smith.

"You don't want Bill Russit to suffer?" asked Bertha, raising her head, after a long silence. "You'll write down what you have told us?"

Smith shook his head.

"Not about Dean," he answered. "Dean is dead, so far as this world is concerned. Let the dead past bury its dead!"

He drew a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to the girl.

"This is a confession," he said. "I had meant them to find it on my——" he paused, abruptly. "You seem weary, Missie, and Jenkins may perhaps come home. Hadn't you better go?"

Bertha suddenly began to sob. Len picked her up gently and carried her out. The door closed softly behind them.

"Put me down!" said Bertha. "I can walk."

"He never asked us how we knew," she whispered, presently. "Do you think he will escape?"

Apparently Len did not hear.

As they turned their horses homeward, a faint crack sounded from the direction of the barn, as tho some fire-charred beam had given way.

The crack was drowned in the rattle of the buggy; and there was nothing in the faint howl of a distant coyote, or the gentle sigh of the night wind in the prairie wool, to tell them that Smith had indeed made his escape.

* * *

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 10.)

but down below the surface. But it will come to the surface again and float along as before.

In the human body, the whole thing is connected up with our glandular system. Too much excitement draws heavily on the secretions in our glands and while the glands have to have a chance and time to fill up again we have the blues.

The blues has nothing to do with your condition in life. True, good news may serve, in times of blues, to stimulate the glandular system and put the blues away for a while, but lacking this stimulus, the glands must have time to refill themselves.

So, just say to yourself the next time "they" come, "The world looks drab but it will look so only for a day or two and I'll stand it because I know things will appear just as bright again when I'm back on physical par."

* * *

He Wanted a House.

"HAVE you got a house to rent?" he inquired of a real estate dealer.

"I have, sir," was the reply. "Have here a house at forty dollars a month which I think will suit you. Nine rooms and a pleasant outlook."

"No, I don't think I want it," was the reply.

"Well, what sort of a house do you want? If you will tell me it will save time."

"I want a house that once rented for a thousand dollars a month. The last tenant must have died of smallpox and his children of scarlet fever. There must be a livery stable on one side and a boiler shop on the other. It must be right across from a dance hall, and the roof partly carried away by a stroke of lightning. If you have got such a house to rent for about ten dollars a month I shall be glad to talk business with you."

The real estate man could not find him the house he wanted.

* * *

Hunger.

THE old theory that "almost every one eats too much and would be better off with half the amount" is plain bunk, says Dr. Percy G. Stiles, talking to Harvard Medical school.

Stiles says that if you're fat you eat too much and if you're thin you do not eat enough, but that you should always satisfy your appetite.

Very little danger of overeating, when food is chewed thoroly.

Nature tells us, by hunger, when we need food. Most abuse of the stomach is due to eating just because the clock strikes a certain hour, instead of only when hungry.

ALWAYS TIRED NO AMBITION

Nervous and Dizzy, Everything Seemed to Worry Me. How I Got Well

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The World at His Mercy

(Continued From Page 13)

fairy-tale-like. They were not going to fall for any such tommyrot or foolishness. They were not children to be scared by any such foolish and baseless threats. They were not going to be ordered about, nor be dictated to by any crazy crank such as the sender of the message undoubtedly was. They were too imbued with their war-spirit and hated to be downed—especially in this manner as proposed by Martian Ray.

In other words the different war offices of the belligerent nations openly defied Martian Ray, the "king of the world," sender of the strange ultimatum.

They believed not in him nor in his vaunted power. Like the far-famed Missourians, they had to be "shown" in order to make them believers in this mysterious Martian Ray. And even then they might still be able to carry on despite anything he could do.

Tho they had heard of the strange and mysterious doings in America by Martian Ray, they hardly believed half of the story and entirely doubted the other half.

So instead of calling a temporary truce, pending the outcome at the end of the one week's time-limit, allowed them by Martian Ray, in which to make peace among themselves, they but redoubled their efforts at annihilating each other.

The members of the war offices and the cabinets mentally consigned Martian Ray and all his diabolical works and messages and ultimatums into the region where Satan reigns supreme. At the same time, they readily saw that their armies were demoralized thru the advent of the message. What right, anyhow, had Martian Ray to meddle with things so important as the continuation of their exciting, beautiful, spectacular wars?

CHAPTER IX.

EUROPE OVERWHELMED BY STRANGE PHENOMENON.

MEANWHILE in far-off America, searching expeditions were busy combing the land from the Arctic to the Antarctic circles in quest of the mysterious Martian Ray.

Every government had sent out official expeditions and, furthermore, had offered large rewards to any private expedition that should discover the whereabouts and lead to the apprehension of the "king of the world."

Even in Canada, that vast territory that had, with a small exception, escaped the annihilating influence of Martian Ray's power, and where it was felt that he doubtless held sanctuary, clandestinely of course, searching expeditions were going over the land as with a fine-tooth comb.

It was realized that no money should be spared in an endeavor to ferret out this monster in human form. From day to day the search went on relentlessly. And if it was that he actually lay in hiding somewhere on the American continents, one of the thousands of searching parties was bound to discover him in time. But if, on the other hand, he held sway from somewhere other than on the American continents, it would probably take years to find him.

In battling, war-mad Europe the days succeeding Martian Ray's ultimatum, went by one by one and the week's period of grace was rapidly drawing to a close. All Europe, and the whole world at large, was expectant, uneasy, curious and anxious, and getting more and more restless from the suspense as the last hours of the week were steadily ticked away. They wondered what Martian Ray would do or cause to be done for being disobeyed. Every one was anxious to see what terrible transformation he would bring about, and learn if it would cause the wars to end despite the hostile attitude that was being still maintained by all the European war offices and cabinets.

Twelve o'clock, midnight, April 7th had arrived. Therefore, Martian Ray was about due to show his hand, his mysterious power, for his ultimatum had been entirely ignored. Only one hour more—from midnight to 1 a. m.—remained of the one week's period of grace that he had allowed for ending the wars.

During this hour, as if by tacit consent, the fighting hordes momentarily ceased their task of murdering one another as they waited for the inevitable, for Martian Ray to show his hand.

At last, when the fateful hour of 1 a. m. sounding the death-knell of the first hour of the new day, April 8, 2000, the bolt fell. Yes, it literally fell from a clear, star-studded sky, and it covered all Europe and the whole of the continent of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope in the south to and beyond the Arctic Circle in the north. Also it embraced the waters surrounding these continents for miles out from their coast-lines, thereby affecting every ship that happened to be navigating those seas, lakes and rivers.

At the hour just mentioned, and without any warning, the same mysterious and diabolical phenomenon that had so weirdly overwhelmed both the North and South American republics last Hallowe'en night and the following day had now fallen, and with a deadly stranglehold, upon war-infested Europe. Also it had embraced the vast and neutral continent of Africa, altho, apparently, Martian Ray's quarrel was only with the warring European nations.

Martian Ray's—the "king of the world's"—invisible and terribly annihilating army, of what? had at last arrived and suddenly, too, upon European soil, European air, European waters to wage a relentless and unmerciful war upon all nations thereon as well as neutral Africa.

Such was the result, the consequence of their disobeying the ultimatum of the "king of the world," Martian Ray. Those that had ridiculed and believed not in him heretofore were now compelled to change their views, their opinions, in the face of all this terrible transformation that had been wrought by him whom they had scoffed at.

All these European "Missourians" had been convinced and converted at last. But, alas, too late. They had not now the power to stop, or conquer even, the thing that had been loosed by Martian Ray. They were now at the mercy of this Martian Ray for as long a time as he wished. It might be for a day, or a week, or a month, or a year; no one could tell how long this state of affairs would last, now that it had commenced.

At 1 a. m. everything electrical, within the already named area or zone, from the tiniest electric light to the mightiest and most powerful dynamo and motor, went "dead." Martian Ray's invisible army had dealt a death-blow to all things electrical with such swiftness and sureness as the lightning-bolt that strikes down its victim during a summer's thunderstorm.

The cities and towns were left in total darkness. The electrical railways were all left in a state of suspended animation, as it were; they all ceased to operate for want of "juice"—electricity. The steam railroads, tho there were only a few left now, were badly handicapped thru their electrical signaling systems being put out of commission. Every submarine vessel was marooned where ever it happened to be at the moment when the invisible "army" struck it, whether afloat or submerged. But those in the latter position were the ones that would suffer most, thru their inability to rise to the surface and at least be able to breathe in the life-giving air. Being thus caught below the surface they were indeed in a precarious position. Those caught at the surface at least had a fighting chance.

Every aircraft was out of commission. The lighter-than-air type, represented by the Zeppelin and balloon models, were not hurtled down to earth and consequent destruction as soon as their motors were compelled to stop work for the want of the vital electric spark. They still had the power to stay in the air by virtue of their gasbags still retaining the gas that was necessary for their keeping afloat in the air. They no longer had the power, tho, to fly about at the will of the operator. In that respect they were at the mercy of the air currents—at the mercy of whatever wind that happened to catch them and carry them here and there. Of course, they had the power to descend to the earth by releasing the gas, which procedure was all very well if they were over their own territory instead of that of the enemy's.

On the other hand, the heavy-than-air type, represented by the various types of airplanes, were instantly brought to earth and their consequental destruction, thru the unexpected and unlooked for stopping of their gasoline motors when their electricity for ignition and other purposes was instantly and mysteriously taken from them by the thing sent out by Martian Ray for that very purpose.

In this manner many of these air crafts were destroyed, together with the "bird men" who were operating them.

Likewise many modern war engines were rendered useless by being deprived of electricity. Hence warfare under modern conditions had to cease. Electricity, the vital agent, the motive power, the "life" of most of these war engines, was absent. War, however, could still be waged, but it would take some time to reorganize the armies and navies under an electricless plan.

ALL Europe and Africa was now cut off from telegraphic communication with the rest of the world at large and also within their own confines. All wire, wireless and cable telegraph systems were out of commission, as was, also, of course, the telephone. The rest of the world no longer knew what was happening in the war-infested countries of Europe.

In view of this mysterious phenomenon were it not better to give in to the "king of the world," Martian Ray, and declare for peace, rather than keep up this unnatural state of affairs indefinitely? Yes, surely it were better for all concerned to end this terrible, diabolical state of affairs, which, after all, was as bad as any war.

But even if the powers-that-be now wished to comply with Martian Ray's demands, how were they to communicate with him to that effect—to let him know their decision, that they would surrender to him.

Well, if those same powers should really arrive at such a humane decision they would have to wait until Martian Ray should lift his "embargo" on the generation of electricity and once more put the telegraph at our disposal.

But the questions were: How long would this phenomenon last? How long would Martian Ray allow this diabolical thing of his creation remain in possession of those two Old World continents?

These were questions, however, that time alone could answer.

It is not the intention to record in this narrative the detailed events of every day that the strange phenomenon lasted. Let it suffice to say that the armies of the belligerent nations were badly handicapped thru the lack of telegraphic communication from one point to another. And for the want of electricity to perform the many other simple, yet necessary tasks that could only be performed by that invisible and mysterious thing—electricity.

Of course, the lack of electricity was also felt in domestic, industrial and commercial circles, as it had been felt in the American republics.

As a consequence of this weird state of affairs there was hardly any fighting going on anywhere. As if by tacit agreement hostilities were suspended indefinitely. For an enemy common to both sides had invaded their territories and they were powerless to resist it—even to without a let-up to this thing which understand it.

In this manner the days went by one by one, and soon a full week had passed apparently dominated all Europe and Africa.

Was Martian Ray, the being that was responsible for this state of affairs, "asleep at the switch?" Had he forgotten all about this thing of his that was still loose over the Old World? Or did he intend to let it stay on and on, indefinitely—forever? Surely it was time now to call it off and see if the people were now prepared to listen to him more favorably.

But no, evidently he intended that the punishment should be long and continuous. Obviously he desired to fully, once and for all, impress every one with his importance, his invulnerable nature, his invincibility.

In the meantime the only news of the outside world that came to those "ostracized" countries of the Old World was brought verbally and by mail, as in days of old, by ships that came from foreign climes. Likewise, the news of the Old World was brought in the same manner to other countries across the seas.

It appeared that America was not now affected by the strange phenomenon at all. Even the ships were not affected by it until they arrived within a certain distance from the coasts of Europe and Africa. About the 20th meridian of west longitude was the western border line of the "ostracized" area or zone. The eastern border line was situated about the 60th meridian of east longitude.

After one month's duration the embargo, or curse, as some called it, was lifted. As suddenly as it had come just so suddenly it had departed.

Some time during the early hours of May 5th, just four weeks after its arrival, the mysterious and weird phenomenon departed for parts unknown. Electricity was again something that could be generated and made to perform

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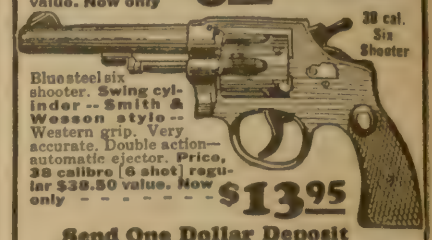

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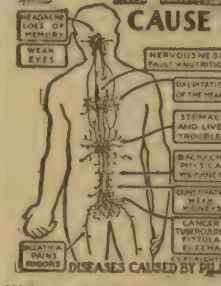

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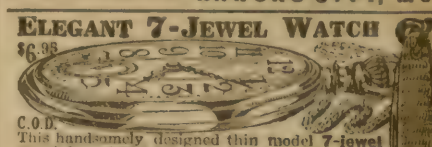

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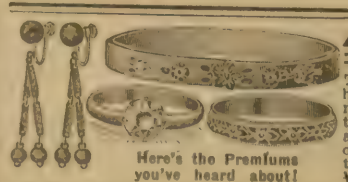

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its usual functions. Evidently the world would hear from Martian Ray very soon now. Perhaps he would send another ultimatum.

During those terrible four weeks of terror, every ship within the phenomenon-infested zone was partially helpless thru the compass failing to register true. As was the case in America and American waters, the ship's compass when brought within the affected zone had become "bewitched," as sailors called it. Instead of pointing into the magnetic North, it now, for the four past weeks, pointed in a southern direction. Mariners in these waters had to steer more by the sun and stars than by depending on their "hoodooed" compass which was now not to be trusted.

Of course, under these conditions the navigation of ships, whether merchant or naval, was necessarily slow and uncertain. Any many wrecks were directly attributed to this cause.

CHAPTER X.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

AT LAST, after four weeks duration, the diabolical phenomenon, the accursed creation of the "king of the world," Martian Ray, had passed away. Once more electricity was our willing slave, ready, as of yore, to do our every bidding.

But what of the war? Would it be resumed again after four weeks enforced recess? Well, the matter, as yet, was undecided. But now that the telegraph was again in commission, something, one way or the other, was looked for by an anxious people.

Whether peace would be the result, or whether it would still be war, was yet a matter for speculation. However, the different war offices were again in communication with one another, and momentous disclosures were hourly awaited by an expectant and worried people of many nations.

But, tho hostilities were not resumed, neither was there any important news from the different war offices. Thus the first day of this "new era" was quietly passed. The war offices and the people were awaiting news from Martian Ray—the man of the hour. After the recent terrible manifestations, every one was ready to give in to him, acknowledge his superior might and power and sovereignty. Even the cabinets and war offices, it was easily apparent to every one, were ready to listen to him now, and perhaps ready to do as he commanded without further question or attempt at defiance.

Some there were who readily gave this Martian Ray a supernatural existence. For no mortal being, they believed, could have the power to create such a thing as the late phenomenon. Others claimed that the phenomenon was a Divine manifestation, a sign that Judgment Day was nigh—that the end of the world was fast approaching. A sign, in fact, that all humanity should prepare for eternal judgment at that tribunal of Him who rules the universe, who was the King of kings and Judge of judges.

Others, however, believed not such stuff. They were convinced that the phenomenon was created by human agency. They knew and believed that in the world of science, such as it was to date, nothing was impossible.

Of course, everybody was welcome to form any opinion they saw fit in regard to the late phenomenon. Nevertheless, whether its being had been brought about by human or supernatural agency, the phenomenon had been a real, actual agent of destruction. Material evidence of its four weeks' presence was to be seen on every hand—in all directions, even as it had left such evidence in the American republics six months previously.

As one by one the wireless stations were again put in working order, every operator thereof kept to his post in expectation of hearing, at any moment, Martian Ray's call. However, it was not until the hour of 1 a. m.—London time—May 7th, about 48 hours after the departure of the phenomenon, that those thousands of operators' vigilance was rewarded.

Promptly on the stroke of 1 a. m. every aerial, ashore and afloat, and between the 10th meridian of west longitude and extending eastwards to the 75th meridian of east longitude, and apparently from pole to pole in a north and south direction, began catching the powerful signal waves that were speeding by in all directions and transmitted them down to the crackling and spluttering receiving instruments. Heaven alone knew where these powerful signal waves were coming from. Every range and direction finder was strangely out of commission. None of these instruments, as was also the case on other similar occasions, recorded either the distance or the direction from whence the call was coming, or from whence the message emanated.

But as the message came filtering in thru the various instruments it left no doubt as to the identity of the sender. 'Twas none other than the ever mysterious and unknown being who called himself Martian Ray, the "king of the world." And the message, shorn of the heading and address, which were the same as in former messages, was as follows:

Well, my dear and rebellious subjects, here I am again in communication with you.

I trust that I now find you in a more amiable frame of mind toward myself, your king—the king of the whole world. I trust you are now ready to concede my superiority and sovereignty and kingship over you all. I hope you realize that I am to be obeyed.

I regret that I had to make use of my power to impress upon you my reality, to make you realize fully that I meant business. I hope that my four weeks demonstration of my power has been sufficient to manifest to you that I am not to be rebelled against. But, on the other hand, I hope you now realize that it will be more advantageous for you to declare your allegiance to me.

I hope that for the sake of all concerned you are now ready to stop the war, to declare peace, as I had ordered you to do five weeks ago. If you do not now agree forthwith to stop the war I can but say to you that the end of all life on this earth, this world, is at hand. I have something else at my command besides the power that puts an embargo on your generation of electricity.

This other power which I control is more destructive, more devastating, more annihilating, but not to things mechanical, not to mechanical life, but to human, animal and vegetable life. I hope you will never give me cause to use this latter power, for if you do you will be threatened with total extinction—you will be signing your own and the world's death warrant.

This time I will give you one full month's time in which to settle once for all your age-old controversies—end the age-old wars and bring back into the world the dove of peace. Also, please to remember, this must be an everlasting peace, for if ever any one should again make war upon another, or any pretext whatever, that one will have to answer to me for his violation of my royal command, and the penalty that will be meted out to that erring nation will stagger the whole world. So heed well this warning!

Even tho I am the king of the world I do not want to depose the present rulers. They shall yet rule, but subject, nevertheless, to my commands. I shall always remain invisible and orders and mandates from me will always be made known by wireless.

Remember, my dear subjects, I do not want to be a tyrant, a cruel master or oppressor. I have but elected myself to the kingship of this world for the common good of all mankind. Surely you have all seen the need of one head as entire authority over all nations. Only in this manner is perpetual peace thruout the world assured. Only in this way is war made impossible.

Having discovered a strange power which I have called "my army" for want of a better name, I think that I am rightly fitted to hold down the position I have assumed. I have at my command the necessary power, "my army," to adequately enforce my laws. But my laws will not be either oppressive or tyranical ones. Under my sovereignty this world will be a veritable paradise to dwell in. There will be no more wars. Everything shall, with your unquestioned cooperation, run smoothly and harmoniously and peacefully. From time to time you will learn of all my plans, which same will be for your benefit, your welfare. My methods may at first appear puzzling and queer and even tyranical, but in the end you will see that it was all for the best, for your ultimate good. So question not and hinder not my orders in the future, no matter how queer and unreasonable they may appear to you.

So, by June 7 next be sure—absolutely certain—that all you warring nations have made peace with each other. Let me not have occasion to use my other and more deadly power to emphasize my commands.

Remember, my dear subjects, you have one month of grace—from today, the seventh of May, to the seventh of June—in which to stop your wars officially and forever. After that, if you have not declared unconditional peace among you, be prepared then to make your peace with God—the Supreme King. Unless you obey me to the letter your days on earth are numbered.

MARTIAN RAY, King of the World.

THERE! the eagerly awaited message from the unknown, mysterious person, Martian Ray, has arrived. And what a long message it proved to be. It proved, also, even more preposterous and incredible and fantastic than the former ones.

This one contained even more drastic measures; therefore it behooved all mankind to give it careful and conscientious consideration before turning it down with contempt or indifference. Our very existence, it now appeared, was at stake.

In view of the past four weeks of weird and inexplicable mystery, and adding thereto the same mystery that had only a few months ago overwhelmed the American continents, it was reasonable to believe anything that he now told. And as a consequence it was easy to see which way public opinion was turning.

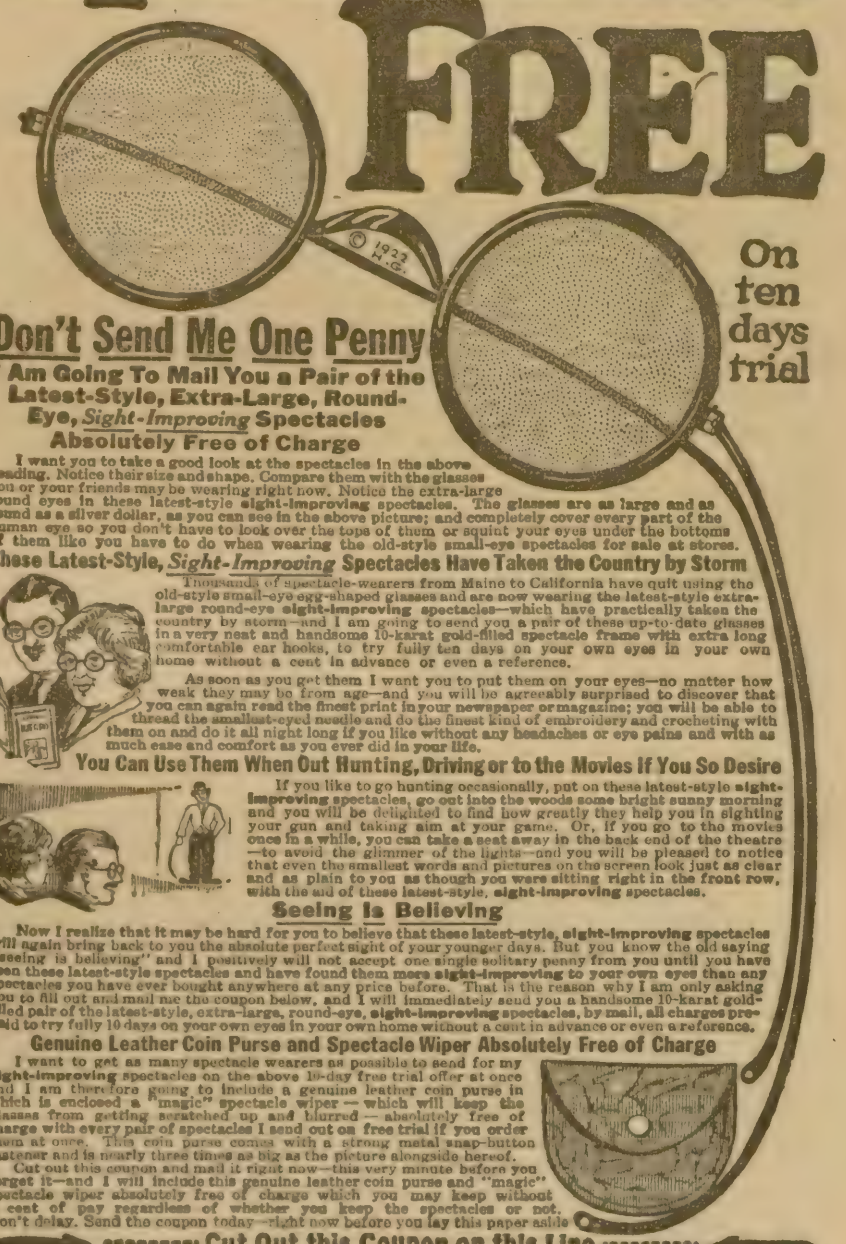
And to do the governments of these warring nations full justice, it must be recorded here that they too were of the same turn of mind. They, in common with their people, now stood in almost supernatural awe of this mysterious being who had the power of creating such a weird manifestation as the late memorable phenomenon.

Every one wondered what more terrible power he controlled besides the one already demonstrated. Surely that was the acme, the apex of human endeavor and human creation. What, therefore, was the nature of that other more horrible power which he had at his command?

In the face of this new threat, then, was it not better to do as the "king of the world" commanded? Besides, no one could gainsay him that the world stood in need of one head as the entire authority over all mankind, over all present rulers, if everlasting peace was to be maintained.

Anyway it would not hurt to give this new, universal form of government a

Spectacles FREE



On ten days trial

Don't Send Me One Penny

I Am Going To Mail You a Pair of the Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles Absolutely Free of Charge

I want you to take a good look at the spectacles in the above heading. Notice their size and shape. Compare them with the glasses you or your friends may be wearing right now. Notice the extra-large round eyes in these latest-style **sight-improving** spectacles. The glasses are as large and as round as a silver dollar, as you can see in the above picture; and completely cover every part of the human eye so you don't have to look over the tops of them or squint your eyes under the bottoms of them like you have to do when wearing the old-style small-eye spectacles for sale at stores.

These Latest-Style, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles Have Taken the Country by Storm

Thousands of spectacle-wearers from Maine to California have quit using the old-style small-eye egg-shaped glasses and are now wearing the latest-style extra-large round-eye **sight-improving** spectacles—which have practically taken the country by storm—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses in a very neat and handsome 10-karat gold-filled spectacle frame with extra long comfortable ear hooks, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes—no matter how weak they may be from age—and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or to the Movies If You So Desire

If you like to go hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style **sight-improving** spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. Or, if you go to the movies once in a while, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, **sight-improving** spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you to believe that these latest-style, **sight-improving** spectacles will again bring back to you the absolute perfect sight of your younger days. But you know the old saying "seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more **sight-improving** to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, **sight-improving** spectacles, by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

Genuine Leather Coin Purse and Spectacle Wiper Absolutely Free of Charge

I want to get as many spectacle wearers as possible to send for my **sight-improving** spectacles on the above 10-day free trial offer at once and I am therefore going to include a genuine leather coin purse in which is enclosed a "magic" spectacle wiper — which will keep the glasses from getting scratched up and blurred — absolutely free of charge with every pair of spectacles I send out on free trial if you order them at once. This coin purse comes with a strong metal snap-button fastener and is nearly three times as big as the picture alongside hereof.

Cut out this coupon and mail it right now—this very minute before you forget it—and I will include this genuine leather coin purse and "magic" spectacle wiper absolutely free of charge which you may keep without a cent of pay regardless of whether you keep the spectacles or not. Don't delay. Send the coupon today—right now before you lay this paper aside

Cut Out this Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 12 55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, ILL.

Gentlemen:—I have read your liberal offer and want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, **sight-improving** spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle-case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial. I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance, for far or near, indoors or outdoors, anywhere everywhere and if I find them all you claim them to be after a ten days trial, I will pay you your advertising price of three dollars and ninety-three cents (3.93) and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if they do not restore the absolute perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without a cent of pay as I don't intend to keep them unless they are much better than any spectacles I have ever used before and you will have to take my word as final in this matter. Also be sure and include the genuine leather coin purse and "magic" spectacle wiper, which I am going to keep absolutely free of charge for my trouble in answering this advertisement regardless of whether I keep and pay for the spectacles or not, just exactly as you have promised in the above announcement. **Be Sure to Answer the Following Questions:**

How old are you? Ans. ..... *How many years have you used glasses (if any)?* Ans. .....

Full Name ....

County ..... *Post Office Town* .....

Rural Route No. (if any) ..... *Box No. (if any)* ..... *State* .....

Street and No. (if any) .....

VERY IMPORTANT: You will notice in the above offer that I am going to include a genuine leather coin purse and a "magic" spectacle wiper absolutely free of charge with every pair of spectacles we send out on free trial for a short time only and for this reason I will also permit you to order an extra pair of spectacles under the same free trial offer for any other member of your family—husband, wife or child living with you who may be in need of a new pair of spectacles right now — and I will also send along an extra coin purse and spectacle wiper absolutely free of charge, if this extra order is sent in at the same time you send in your own order. Be sure and answer the questions on the lines below if you wish an extra pair of spectacles on free trial for your husband, wife or child. Give full name for whom this extra pair is being ordered on this line:

Full Name .....

Age of this person? Ans. ..... *Number of years this person has been using glasses (if any)?* Ans. .....

E. J. STULMAN — REG. OPT.

A NEW WAY TO GET YOUR CLOTHES ABSOLUTELY FREE

and Make Big Money during your spare time—something different, better, bigger, more liberal than any offer ever made. Lower prices — better clothes—bigger cash profits—express or postage paid on everything.

DOUBLE PAY

Free Clothes and Cash Profits Besides. You can easily earn $30.00 cash, extra, every week during your spare time, taking orders for our made-to-measure clothes. We don't ask you to use your cash profits for your own clothes. That's not our way of doing business. Ours is a new and better plan.

Fifty-six stylish, real cloth samples—FREE colored fashion plates, inside wholesale prices—everything FREE. Just drop us a line today and we will send complete outfit FREE.

SPENCER MEAD CO., J-210 Chicago

fair trial. And, besides, it would never do to put our very existence, in jeopardy by denying Martian Ray his request.

Well, in order not to unduly lengthen this narrative I will but state here that the different war offices and cabinets got busy right away. They soon made peace proposals and peace overtures with one another, and in real earnest this time.

The happy result of these overtures was that a number of conferences were held in various capitals by representatives of every nation on earth, belligerent and neutral alike. And the yet more happy result of these conferences was that peace was finally declared. Yes, the war, the great war, the greatest war since the creation of this world, was at its end at last.

It is not going to be recorded here, the conditions under which the belligerent nations finally settled their disputes. These conditions will be fully recorded on the pages of the world's history. For the purpose of this narrative it is sufficient to say that the conditions were satisfactory to all concerned. So now, since the war was over, the necessary and customary precedent of acknowledging its peacemaker must be followed out according to ancient program.

Who, then, in this instance, was that famous person? Who was the present peacemaker? Why none other than that unknown, unseen and ever mysterious person, Martian Ray. He, and he alone, could justly and fittingly be given that honor—be acclaimed the world's modern peacemaker.

About two weeks of the allotted month's time yet remained and the momentous question of ending the war—that "battle royal" of nations—had been settled.

But the question that now confronted the world was how were we to communicate the glad tidings to Martian Ray? How let him know that his royal command had already been obeyed?

But, perhaps, he already knew all. Already knew as much as any of us. Was he not in full control of the most powerful wireless station in existence? Hence was it not reasonable to suppose that he had full knowledge of everything that was going on anywhere on the face of the globe, provided that knowledge of the same was reported by wireless from one point to another? It was altogether possible that he was always listening, always intercepting the many wireless messages that were forever speeding thru the upper reaches of the atmosphere.

Already some semblance of order was being established in the war-devastated countries. The foreign armies were returning to their native lands. The native armies were turning to peaceful occupations. The music of the guns and cannon was heard no more. Martial music, too, was heard no more. The music made by the mechanics' and laborers' tools, as they were wielded in an endeavor to restore the destructive effects of the war, at once became the sweetest music ever heard.

No one any longer went about in deadly terror and fear of some horrible form of death overtaking them. Death and destruction no longer fell from the skies overhead, nor did it come hurtling and screaming thru the air in the form of monstrous projectiles vomited by powerful cannon, invisible and located miles away. Nor were peaceful merchant ships any longer menaced by the underwater scourge — the deadly and cowardly submarine.

Ledger, Sept. 23.. The World at his..

Peace, a welcome, kindly peace, was the order of the day; and every day for all eternity, please God.

As the hour of 1 a. m., June 7th, was about to pass away into the eternal oblivion, Martian Ray was again calling, via the wireless, to all Europe. Every wireless station in the eastern hemisphere was again tuned to catch his every word. Martian Ray's messages had the right-of-way over all others. The message was short and as follows:

> Well, my dear subjects, I see that you have finally come to your senses. And pleased I am with you all for thus obeying my royal command at last. You will never regret your action. Under my rule the world will be a better place to live in than formerly.
>
> I hope you will continue to obey me in the future. I have other orders to give you which will be vitally necessary for you to obey and at the same time what I will then order you to do will be necessary if you would be assured of lasting peace. I will communicate with you again in regard to this matter at the proper time. In the meantime, just keep on with the good work of restoration and reconstruction. I must now turn my attention to America.
>
> MARTIAN RAY, King of the World.

The message is self explanatory and needs no comment here. The only thing that the message brought in the way of conjecturing was what else was Martian Ray going to demand of us, and when? Also had he another quarrel with America? He stated that he was now going to give his attention in that quarter. Well, nothing could be done now but await further developments from him. Meanwhile let the world roll on in its usual trend; but minus a war, of course, thanks to Martian Ray.

CHAPTER XI.

MARTIAN RAY WANTS MORE PAY.

THE END of June was at hand and six months' of diligent searching had failed to discover Martian Ray's place of residence, or headquarters. During those six months, the American continents, from the Antarctic to the Arctic circles, had been literally raked and re-raked by hundreds and hundreds of searching parties thruout the land, in an endeavor to find where Martian Ray held sanctuary, but without avail. Verily he had a good hiding place. All islands of the sea within a thousand miles of the shore had been searched with like result. Where, then, did he live—did he hold sanctuary?

Searching activities would now doubtless be diverted to other continents—to Europe, Africa, Asia, etc. And while America was pondering and speculating as to what further steps to take in the way of ferreting out this mysterious being and put him where he would be harmless, the object of their quest was preparing to further confound them and make them rage in impotent fury at their helplessness.

On the evening of July 3rd, at about 8 o'clock, and when the U. S. A. was preparing to celebrate their national holiday, Martian Ray needs must "butt in" and spoil their fun by sending to them the following marconigram:

> Hello, America! Hello, South, Central and North America! Hello, all ye republics and Canada, too! Hello, Hello, Hello!
>
> Well, my dear subjects, here I am again. Perhaps you had not thought to hear from me so soon. Neither did I six months ago think I would have to call you up again so soon.
>
> The fact is that by your past six months' activities in searching for me you have aroused my enmity and now I'll let you know how you are to pay for it. You have spent thousands of dollars in vain and fruitless attempt at discovering me. Now you must pay additional gold as a fine or penalty for undertaking such activities.
>
> Canada, too, tho formerly exempted from paying her annual dues to me, must now also pay for the part she played in the search.
>
> This extra amount is demanded so that I may discourage you from attempting any more such endeavors. And if such endeavors are still carried on the price will be raised in proportion. So beware; cease these useless and fruitless expeditions. They are too expensive.
>
> The price that must be delivered to me by next new year will be five hundred millions in gold from the U. S. A., and one hundred millions in gold from each and every one of the other American republics. This latter sum must also come from Canada.
>
> Failure on the part of all or any one, even, will mean that I again will send over your territories my invisible, yet powerful army. You've already been besieged once for a period of twenty-four hours. How would you like to have it for a whole year's time? That's what will happen this time if you fail to send me the above named amounts in gold by next new year.
>
> The countries can easily afford this sum, and I would suggest to the different governments that they put a special tax upon all war-profiteers to help raise the amount demanded. Furthermore it would please me greatly if the full amount would thus be raised, namely, by taxing to the limit the war-profiteers and all those others who became millionaires by dealing in war materials, war supplies. Yes, by all means let these gentlemen pay my bill. However, this is only a suggestion. It is up to the governments to adopt it or turn it down as they see fit. I am only interested in so far as that I get my pay from the governments; let them get it where they may.
>
> In conclusion I exhort you all to heed well the contents of this message. I hope you'll not refuse to come across with the above named amount. If you refuse you'll but be committing suicide.
>
> You have plenty of time in which to collect the gold. In due time you'll get a reminder from me in case you should forget or let yourselves be inclined to disobey me.
>
> MARTIAN RAY,
> King of the World.

Certainly the receipt of such a message was sure to dampen the holiday spirits of the American people on the eve of their national holiday—the Glorious Fourth! It was enough to make anyone, and everyone fit candidates for asylums. It was enough to drive everyone to the verge of hopeless despair.

This time Martian Ray had certainly gone out of bounds by so abnormally raising his price, and just because a search had been instituted for him. Did he fear discovery if search for him were continued? And did he thusly demand more gold while he was in a position to force it from the nations, before he should be ousted from his advantageous position? Yes, apparently he feared discovery and took this method, not only to discourage further searching, but also to get all he could while the getting was good.

And Canada, too. That country must now pay the piper or suffer the dire consequences in common with the other countries on the American continents. It, too, must pay for its folly in being active in the search for him.

What would all these governments do now? Would they agree to pay this fabulous sum? And were they all in a position, financially, to pay such a monstrous sum in gold! Or would they now be compelled to turn him down cold thru their inability to supply the necessary sum?

These were some of the many questions that were on every person's lips during the next few days, and weeks. Everybody dreaded the paying of such a huge sum, but at the same time they dreaded still more to be under the sinister shadow of the alternative—Martian Ray's devilish phenomenon.

Verily they were 'twixt the devil and the deep sea.

What new reign of terror and suffering was now in store for the American republics, and Canada, as well? Would it be possible for the United States to meet Martian Ray's new demand of five hundred millions in gold? Could the other countries come forward, at the stated time, with one hundred millions, each? What would happen if they failed? Read the next installment of the story—in the Ledger next week.

Welding the Black Menace

(Continued From Page 18.)

cle writes me, agriculture is being forgotten; and the Berbers from Al Gisha make regular raids upon my people and drive off our best cattle and horses and carry away our young girls; and the Frankish troops who are supposed to give us protection do nothing to stop them."

"And could you not better serve your tribe if you were in the Sahara with them?" asked Harold.

"Ah, I could only go there and starve with them. I must remain here and secure donations from the Frankish government. And now this man Von Keller tells me that the Prussian government is all powerful and threatens that he will take his army and wipe out my tribe if I do not consent to become his wife."

"The dirty hound," muttered Harold. "But Lady Khorassen, don't you know that Prussia is not all powerful? That she was defeated in the great war?"

"Ah, but Von Keller says that is just a Frankish lie they are telling. Have I not myself seen thousands of French graves at Fere Champenoise and at Vitry le Francois, and did I not see the graves of all the men of my tribe at Ypres. The Prussians have killed off the Franks and the Algerians by the millions; I myself, have seen the graves."

"But Lady Khorassen, the Franks killed more of the Boches than the Boches killed of them, and besides Von Keller has no force in North Africa with which to attack your tribe. He is just lying to you to frighten you."

"He says he will attack my tribe with the Berbers from the east. And have they not already been driving off our cattle and carrying off our young girls?"

"But he can't be inspiring those raids. I tell you Prussia has no standing in that part of Africa." Harold was speaking very positively, but he was not so sure as his words implied.

"Oh, if I could only believe that," cried the woman, clasping her hands in a sort of agony of hope. "I will tell you truthfully, Monsieur, it is the fear that if I should return there he would raid the country and murder my people and carry me away against my will that keeps me in Paris. I could get the same aid from the Frankish government there as here; and I could help my people more, but I remain here for my own protection."

Harold Mortimer had a sudden impulse.

"Lady Khorassen," he cried, "let me go with you to that country. I already speak your language somewhat. I will organize your boys and cripples; I will supply them with arms. I have had an engineering education. I will rebuild your irrigation system and revive your agriculture. Say you will travel back to the Wady Igharghar and let me travel with you as your companion and protector."

The eyes of Lady Khorassen gleamed thru her thin veil into the eyes of the eager young man. For a long while she sat with hands clasped about her knees, thinking deeply.

Then after a long time she looked up and asked:

"Where are your people?"

"In New York, mostly."

"Have you a mother?"

"No, dear lady. I have no mother."

"But you have a father, surely."

"Yes, a father."

"And you have a—" the last question came with great hesitancy— "a sweetheart?"

"Yes, dear lady, I have—a lady friend. But—" earnestly— "if she were here tonight she would urge me to do this thing. Indeed she would think me a coward if I did not do it. Think we can take Dr. Rhook along if he will go. That will be the best way to protect him from his enemies. And to make matters sure for your people I will take a band of laborers in with me, and will get permission from the French government to arm them for self defense. Please, dear lady, say that I may go."

"I will look into the crystal," answered Lady Khorassen after a long silence. "Whatever I am advised while in the silence, that advice I will follow."

She caught up the crystal and murmuring some formula in Arabic that he could not understand finally fell silent, and then after a moment began to speak in a strange hypnotic voice:

"Those who go far afield to seek adventure often break the hearts of those they leave behind. My race and his race are different and should remain forever apart. But it is purely an impulse of kindness, a desire to help me and Dr. Rhook that prompts the American to go to the Algerian Sahara. Still there is danger ahead, there is always heartbreak and suffering and mad love and bloodshed when the men of one race meet the women of another. This man will begin by being a brother to me and end by falling madly—ah, what am I saying." As once before that night, she dropped the crystal sphere to the floor.

Harold Mortimer sprang to her side as she reeled slightly and sank into a chair.

"What did you learn?" he asked eagerly.

"You heard," was her simple reply.

"I am going with you, back to your people," he said. "I cannot ask your permission. I cannot permit you to do this great wrong to yourself not to let me go. As I told you before, Dr. Rhook is a marked man, we will have to take him to Algeria now to protect him against these fiends. I will have to take you there to protect you and your people against this Prussian.

"Listen, Lady Khorassen; this is my plan. I shall go with you with sufficient helpers to open up an irrigation project, and I shall get permission from the French government to arm my workmen. Then if there are raids we will be protected. But first, I will go there with you and Dr. Rhook and a few experts to look over the situation. I am rich, rich in my own name, Lady Khorassen, and it is in my power to make your tribe one of the most prosperous in the desert."

Harold saw a look of relief and happiness on the woman's face as she raised her veil and smiled.

"You have taken the decision out of my hands, Mr. Mortimer," she said. "And now, since you are going to my country, I will give you your first lesson in Arabic, or rather your first test, since you boast that you already almost know the language."

What is there about the Eastern woman that makes her so enticing, so inviting, so much a natural coquette. Perhaps the farthest thing from Lady Khorassen's thoughts was any idea of coquetting with Mortimer; but now that she was happy for the first time in many weeks, she talked in such a charming and innocent fashion that he was completely captivated.

"As I touch each part of my body," she said, "you tell me what it is." Then she began a charming dumb show, while Mortimer struggled with his Arabic and brought peals of laughter from her by his mistakes or pronunciation. "Dhira," as she put her hand on her arm; "Khadi," as she put it to her cheek; and so on. "Dhaqn (chin), udhn (ear), ku (elbow), ain (eye), hajib (eye-brow), jifn (eyelid)."

But he brought a silvery laugh from the lady when in trying to say yaman for right hand he said al-yaum (today), instead, and still another laugh when in trying to think of the word kab for ankle, he said durrac (peaches), instead.

Thus forgetting time and sleep, and the world, like two happy children they spent two hours together thus, and when at last in the early dawn, the servant came in to say that Dr. Rhook was still resting well and to show Harold to his sleeping apartment, the Lady Khorassen tossed at him a happy "Lailatak sa'idak"—the words for the first person saying goodnight, and he tossed back as happily the answer, "Lailatak mubarakah."

CHAPTER VI.

THREE days later Harold Mortimer and big Dan McDonough, and an engineer named Sam Wentworth, an entomologist, a horticultural expert, and a Texan named But Sifert, together with Dr. Rhook and Lady Khorassen el Jamil and her entire household, were in Marseilles ready to take ship across the Mediterranean to Tunis. The party had kept scattered and had come down from Paris by different trains so as not to attract undue attention, but either Harold or Big Dan had always stayed near Dr. Rhook, and Harold had always remained, but for a different reason, near the lovely Lady Khorassen.

They arrived in that southern metropolis to find a disagreeable northwest wind blowing, and the sea and even the basin

was rough. It was a late spring and the Lenten season was still on and the town usually so gay, was very quiet. Mortimer watched the street prowlers that have always made Marseilles famous, or rather infamous, and with Lady Khorassen on his arm, he felt such disgust for these creatures that it actually raised goose pimples all over him. He likewise observed the gangs of street toughs who lived on the waterfront, stevedores by pretense, but ready for any dark work from picking a pocket to murdering a woman for pay, men of all races and all nationalities, speaking a polyglot that was neither French, Gascon nor Provencal.

"It is in such ports as this that international meanness it hatched up," said Harold to Lady Khorassen. "The scum of the earth floats in here and ferments and is ready for anything."

They were walking along the Prado under the rows of magnificent maples, which the chill wind was whipping into red. The houses on either terrace were [illegible] that magnificence only seen in such prosperous commercial cities as Marseilles and New York and Chicago. Suddenly Lady Khorassen grasped Harold's arm with a movement of fear and cried softly: "Look, going into that house yonder."

Harold looked but did not look quick enough.

"Who was it?" he asked.

"It was Von Keller!" cried the lady; "I am almost positive it was! Oh, I had hoped that we had eluded him and left him behind in Paris!" There was an infinity of fear and disappointment in her gentle voice.

"Wait!" cried Harold, the impetuous. "If it was he, then he certainly knows that we are here. There is nothing to be lost by my ascertaining for sure that it was he. I will go in and ring and ask for him."

Suiting the action to the word he walked hurriedly up the walk of one of the finest houses on the boulevard and rang commandingly. An English butler appeared. He handed the butler his card and a twenty-five franc note and said: "I wish to speak with Herr von Keller; I think he is visiting in this house."

The butler raised his eyebrows in a supercilious manner and said, "I'm afraid, sir, you are mistaken," even while he pocketed the twenty-five franc note; "there is no person visiting in this house of that name."

"Then I wish to speak to the man who has just entered. Tell him for me, that the Lady Khorassen el Jamil wishes to speak with him and that she is waiting on the terrace."

"I will tell the gentleman what you say," said the butler, bowing very low, "but I am quite sure you cannot see that personage, since he has given instructions that he is not at home to any one."

"Nevertheless," said Harold conclusively with a wafture of his hand toward the card he had given the butler, and the butler took the hint and hied himself away to some part of the house.

In too short a time he reappeared and said: "The gentleman is occupied just at present, but if you will call tonight at eight, he will be glad to see you."

"Until tonight at eight, then," said Mortimer.

As the two returned under the maples of the Prado, Lady Khorassen said: "But, you will surely not go, Monsieur Harold?" she now always called him that. "It is not safe for you or any other one person to be near Von Keller—you will surely not go?"

"But would you care so much, if I were killed?" Harold managed to convey a subtle meaning by his words.

The girl answered frankly. "I would certainly care very much. I do not wish to see you killed because of me, and furthermore, you are my only protector, my only hope for helping my poor tribe."

"Then if I go I will take with me a sort of body guard. I will take Dan and Bud Sifert and one of your men."

So that night at eight Harold Mortimer alighted from a taxi in front of the door where he had seen von Keller. The other three men had been given a careful description of the surroundings and had alighted from a second taxi three squares within sound and sight of the house. This was difficult because the boulevard here was well lighted. Indeed, big Dan McDonough found it impossible to conceal himself and so had to be content to stroll up and down in front of the house, a thing which he managed to do by picking up a girl who was strolling in the neighborhood and engaging her in a friendly chit-chat, a thing which he believed would make him less conspicuous while passing and repassing the same house.

When Harold again presented himself, the butler was all polite apologies. "The personage you wish to see has not yet returned from an engagement out, but has just telephoned that if you can wait twenty minutes he will be here. He begged me to express his regrets to Mr. Mortimer."

"Never mind the regrets, old top," laughed Harold. "Lead me to the library and give me the poisoned wine. I'm ready to drink it; anything to accommodate, don't you know, as the English say."

"Oh, I say," replied the butler in much surprise, "I don't take your meaning."

"Well, don't let a thing like that worry you, old dromedary; I'm a mysterious guy, anyway. But I can talk plain when it is necessary. To begin with, you lied this afternoon when you said Von Keller wasn't in this house. Likewise, he lied when he said he was detained away with a friend. Nevertheless—lead on gently to your den of rattlers. I'm the boy called Hiki; I eat 'em alive, don't you know."

"Pass on," said the butler solemnly. "The man at the door to your right will show you into the library."

Harold passed on down the dimly lighted and deeply carpeted hallway, and a second flunky opened the library door for him, bowing deeply. Inside two other flunkies sprang forward, one to take his hat and stick and one to help him out of his overcoat. He noticed another male servant who just then was fiddling with a shaded candle on the great library table.

"Am I in the palace of some Eastern nabob?" he questioned himself aloud. "There are enough footmen—or rather footpads here—to have furnished the court of Louis le Grand at Versailles."

At a glance he took in the surroundings. He observed the room, richly furnished; two doors besides the one he had entered leading to other parts of the house; no window at all. There was a telephone on the table, and he stepped to it, and stepped back to the mantle so as to keep any of these polite footmen from coming behind him; then he started to take the horn from the hook.

"Pardon, Monsieur, but that telephone is out of order. Now, if you wish to use the telephone, just step this way," motioning toward an inner door.

"The thick plottens," murmured Harold to himself. He stepped back to the table, bringing himself to face two of the three footmen, and indirectly in front of the door by which he had entered. In a flash he drew his automatic, a German Luger, and covered the third footman.

"Line up with the other two there!" he commanded. "Now, gentlemen, I'll trouble you to put up your hands. Oh, put 'em good and high. You're not crippled. Now you to the left there, call to your man outside to swing that door wide open."

The man did as he was bidden; the door swung open, and the surprised footman outside found himself looking into the muzzle of the automatic.

"Come in and close the door behind you," commanded Harold, "and don't try any tricks. This is a quiet room and this pistol makes almost no noise."

The man obeyed, putting up his hands like the others and kicking the door shut with his heel. There was a most ludicrous and surprised look upon his face as he did so.

"Now, gentlemen," said Harold, suavely, "you will keep the same distance apart and move to the right around the room as I move around the table, always keeping just opposite to me. Don't try to escape or warn anybody outside. The man that does will get a bullet lodged in his spinal column, which will be inconvenient for him. All ready; keep your proper distance—march!"

The maneuver was made, and Harold found himself with his back to the door by which he had entered and had the other four lined up on the north side of the room, where there should have been a window if the room had been honestly built. Reaching behind him and opening the door with his left hand, he then drew a second automatic with his left, and, keeping the one in his right on the four footmen, backed slowly into the carpeted hallway. At two paces from the door he paused, swung the pistol in his left hand across his chest to bear upon the English butler at the door, and said in a voice that nearly startled that pompous gentleman out of his wits: "Hands up, old dromedary, and no outcry, please; this thing's awfully easy on the trigger."

The butler was fat and his coat was tight, and he made a ludicrous figure as he tried in vain to get his hands straight up in parallel lines

"Now march straight to me and don't stop till you're in line with both these little cannons."

WITH knees that trembled under him the pompous servant approached as bidden; and almost fainted as Harold prodded him unceremoniously with both pistols and told him to back into the room as far as the big table.

Harold, following him in, caught the chain on the door, and ordered him to line up in the middle of the other four. Then he took the horn from the telephone and called, in French: "Hotel Imperial, s'il vous plait—Oui, Madamoiselle, Hotel Imperial, Numero quatre-cinq-quarte-sept, Wagren——" Then in English to the exchange girl at the hotel: "Give me suite number twenty-four, please. Is this you, Sam?"

But it was a woman's voice on the wire, and a very excited voice at that—it was the Lady Khorassen speaking.

"Is this you, Monsieur Harold. Monsieur Harold, I wish you would come at once, something dreadful has happened."

"But what has happened? Have you seen Von Keller again."

"No, but—oh, Monsieur Harold, Mr. Sam Wentworth is here, dying from a bullet wound. He and Dr. Rhook were walking near the Notre Dame de la Garde. They were fired upon from some attic. Dr. Rhook was not hit, but poor Monsieur Sam is dying."

"Have you a surgeon?"

"Yes, the hotel surgeon—he says there's nothing he can do."

"Poor old Sam," murmured Harold. "He and I were at Dartmouth together! Poor old Sam." In his emotion he had let his right pistol hand fall to his side, and had forgotten to watch the five flunkies. He had already laid the other automatic on the table in order to take up the telephone horn. Like a panther one of the flunkies—or footmen—made a leap across the room, and caught the wrist of his right arm in both his hands, while almost at the same instant two of the others pounced upon him; and the English butler dashed forward and secured the pistol that was lying on the table.

In a moment both the automatics were out of Harold's possession and he found himself fighting one against three. The real footman, the one who had been posted outside the door, and the butler took no part in the fight. At that Harold held his own. With the telephone horn still in his left hand he drove his fist into the face of his first assailant and finally beat him loose. With his knee he gave a second a solar plexus blow which sent him grunting across the room; and then with his right he landed

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a third one a blow to the jaw, which knocked him down. But they were all three up and at him again.

He leaped clear of them and, snatching a heavy candelabra with a half dozen lighted candles in it from a little table, he swung it before him, flinging the lighted candles all over the room. Before the three could pass his guard, he had reversed the candelabra in his hands so as to use the heavy base as a weapon and was successfully standing them off.

The footman and the butler were kept busy stamping out the burning candles where they were setting fire to the rugs. But one they did not stamp out. It went out of sight into a great cluster of dried purple Spanish amaranths, which a moment later flared up in a great blaze and set fire to the wall paper and to the manuscripts and pamphlets inan open book case.

"Put that fire out!" shouted one of the false footmen to the butler.

It was easy to bid men put out a fire started among dried flowers and old papers, but not so easy to do. The fire spread to the woodwork of the bookcase and began to blaze hotly, and the disguised scoundrel who had given the order snatched up a crystal wine carafe from the table and hurled it into the fire. But the thing contained champagne instead of wine, and while it dampened the fire for an instant, a moment later only made it blaze up all the more fiercely.

"Get some water, fools!" shouted the scoundrel. "Gottstrafe the verdampt Americaner. Kill him, men! Knife him!"

Harold now realized that these three were three of the four who had tried so hard to do Dr. Rhook to death that night in Paris on the bank of the Seine. The butler had flung open a door near him and dashed out, evidently for water. Harold now saw his one desperate chance. He flung the candelabra with accurate aim and caught the "footman" nearest him squarely between the eyes, then leaped thru the door by which the butler had gone, ran full tilt into him, upsetting him with a footbath full of water, giving him the bath, or rather dividing it pretty equally between himself and the butler, and raced on thru numerous open doors, until he found himself in what was evidently the dining-room. The place was entirely empty. Harold snatched a heavy silver decanter from the table to use as a weapon in case of need, and retreated by the only exit he saw into a sort of butler's pantry, and thence into the kitchen. There he snatched up a heavy poker and made for the kitchen door. He found it securely locked.

He turned about, jumped upon a table, and thence to the ledge of a high window likewise locked from the outside. But with one blow of the decanter he swept the leads and panes from the window, for quite a large space, and with the poker demolished it completely, and slipped outside.

He heard a deep growl below, and decided it was at last time to signal for help. Pursing his lips he blew a loud shrill whistle, not unlike a patrolman's call. The dog growled deeper and louder than before. He heard a confusion of noises toward the front of the house, where he judged his former assailants must be busy trying to put out the fire. There was an acrid smell of smoke in the air. "If this were America," he thought, "the firemen would already be here. But since it is in France, they will do well to get here in an hour."

He heard some one running thru the shrubbery; whether friend or foe he could not know. Then he heard footsteps burst into the dining room and start toward the kitchen. Locating the dark shadow of the slinking dog as best he could in the gloom, he made a wild leap for it, aiming to plant his feet directly in its back. But the dog had sprang toward the window at the same instant he jumped toward the dog, and the next instant the savage brute had wheeled upon him. Hampered by the wine pitcher he dropped it to the ground and depended on the heavy poker for defence.

The savage beast sprang at him, and he jumped back slashing him across the muzzle with the poker. At the same instant a head and shoulders appeared above the ledge of the high window and a knife was flung, catching Harold in the left shoulder, flatwise. He went down and the dog leaped upon him. At the same time there was a flash of fire above his face, and three or four quick sharp reports.

Bud Sifert, the Texan, had heard the whistle and being hidden at the back among the shrubbery had come to his rescue, but not a moment too soon.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE the slow machinery of international intrigue was beginning to turn over, a half revolution of some wheels, a quarter revolution of others, one, two, or four revolutions of still others and smaller wheels. The Mikado's advisers in Tokio had looked into Von Keller's plans and approved them. The Soviet government at Moscow had heard Kerenin Vronovski's version of the scheme and after endless debate had given it a half-hearted approval, especially since it promised to cost Russia nothing for the present and nothing but human sacrifice in the future, a sacrifice she could always afford to make since there were too many men in Russia already. The secret Junker organization of Prussia to which Herr von Keller belonged had considered the plan and given it their unqualified approval.

The Marhatta Prince, the Bow da Rand, and his fellow worker, Ferishta Pasha, were already at work under a plan drawn up for them by the shrewd Prussian, starting a great missionary drive for Mohammedanism among the blacks of the Soudan and the northern Congo region and also along the Niger, where the faith of Islam already had rather a strong hold.

The plan was simplicity itself. First, all dervishes of the Mohammedan world were to preach this crusade, and ask for missionaries to go. These newly made dervishes were to be instructed just what to preach and were to be supplied with electrical appliances, made in Germany, for the performance of certain miracles, such as bringing a great circle of penitent to their knees by means of an electric shock passed from hand to hand around the circle. They were also to be supplied with chemicals for making fire appear mysteriously and burn without consuming anything. There was to be in general a bag of conjurer's tricks.

Of course, the dervishes themselves were to be taught that these tricks came from the power of Allah, and were not to be told any more of the modus by which they were produced than what was necessary to enable them to perform them. Lastly, as a first installment, ten thousand half-starved girls were to be picked up in the streets in Germany and Russia, changed to Mohammedans overnight, and themselves sent to the sunny lands to become missionaries of Islam, and of course harem wives to the more powerful among the new converts.

This part of the work was undertaken by Kerenin Vronovski. Since he thoroly believed in the mixing of the races, and had an idiot's ideas about the universal brotherhood of all mankind, including, according to those who jeered at him, the larger and more intelligent apes, he had no objection in seeing the starving girls of Russian obtain their bread in this way.

Dr. Rhook, who had gone in with these scoundrels at the solicitation of Vronovski, believing that he might, thru Vronovski, influence the whole body to undertake the scheme in an honest and aboveboard manner, and develop the equatorial regions of the world as the great food producing belt on the planet, had begged Harold Mortimer repeatedly to let him go to Vronovski to try to dissuade him from permitting Russian women to go into this; but Mortimer feared to trust the old man's life out of his sight. And later, upon investigation as to the whereabouts of the Russian, he learned that he had already left Paris by airplane and gone to some city in the interior of Russia to begin his bizarre and shameful campaign.

In Moscow, then, and in Paris, and Marseilles, and Stamboul, and Novgorod, and Berlin, and Tokio, and even in New York, and San Francisco and New Orleans, the tentacles of the great slimy, wicked octopus was beginning to take hold of men and women of a certain type; and meanwhile the French government, as well as the British and Belgian and American, was in the profoundest ignorance of the plot being laid to destroy their peace.

Readers of this big story of international intrigue will be taken to distant lands seldom invaded by fiction writers, and in this work it soon becomes plainly apparent that the entertaining and popular author has pictured many of his scenes from actual observation. Part two will appear next week.

* * *

The Reason Is Plain.

IN TIMES of depression men and women usually go to amusement parks alone; in times of prosperity the men take the women, say experienced show men.

WOODEN SPOIL

(Continued From Page 11.)

schemes and plans his crooked work, all that he's doing is to twist the rope tighter around his own neck. We've got him now, but we must get the noose tight, so that he won't wriggle out of it. And he'll twist it tight next time he wriggles. That's my idea, Mr. Askew."

"I guess you're right as usual, Lafe," answered Hilary. "But I've been lying low a thundering long time."

No more was said upon the subject. Out in the Gulf the choppiness of the waves had changed to a steady sweep toward the island, which, lying in midstream, received and broke the full force of the daily tides. The wind aided them, and they swept thru the water. Hilary watched the nearing land with interest that deepened as he began to make out the luxurious growth of conifers that covered it almost to the sea's verge.

In the center he could now make out a ridge of low hills, which seemed to ascend to a terminal cliff, having on one side a gentle slope and, on the other, a precipitous descent toward the water. Gradually, as they changed position, this cliff came into plainer view, a bare flank thrust out toward the Gulf, as if some giant knife had lopped off the edge of the island.

"There ought to be some fine cutting there for us some day," said Hilary. "Hello! What's that?"

"Somebody has got there before us," said Connell.

A boat came into view, a little fishing sloop, much like Duval's, beached on the shore, the sails down, the bow high above high water.

"That boat belongs to Jacques Brousseau," said Louis, pointing toward it.

"What's he doing on my limits, I wonder," mused Hilary.

"Maybe he's come over here to set a line of traps," suggested Lafe. "I heard him say he thought there was a pair of blue foxes on the island."

"But he wouldn't trap foxes in November."

"Well, I guess he's making this his winter quarters. He's trapped the seigniory so long that he thinks it's his territory."

"Well, he's welcome, so long that he doesn't start a forest fire, I suppose," said Hilary. He felt a little anxious at the old man's presence there. A match carelessly flung down, a coal blown from a fire, and the island, strewn with dead leaves and withered undergrowth, would blaze from end to end.

"Oh, I guess old Jacques is careful enough," responded Lafe.

They grounded. Duval, leaping ashore, brought the bow around above the water level. Lafe and Hilary stepped out and stretched their cramped limbs. It was hardly 4; they had made the journey with exceptional speed.

The wind blew keenly, but, once under the shelter of the island, they found it warm autumn weather. The warm spell had melted the snow; it was the late Indian summer of Quebec, when the warm sun and hazy, pleasant air make the nearness of winter almost incredible. Leaving Louis stretched out in the boat, under a tarpaulin, Lafe and Hilary started up the sloping beach toward the interior. The first thing that they no-

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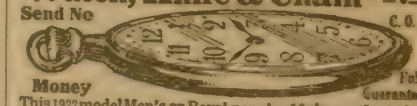

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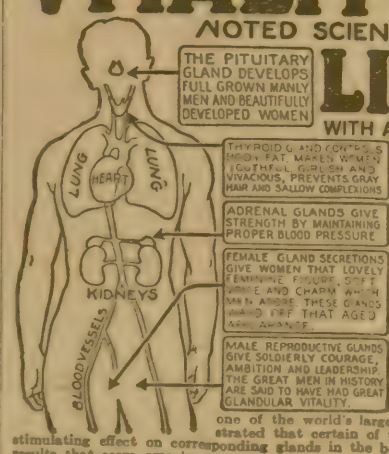
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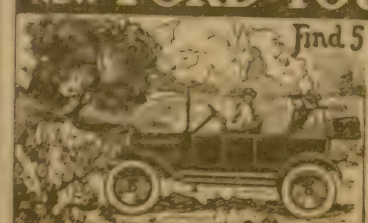

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ticed as peculiar, when they had passed the outer fringe of trees, was the existence of a well-defined trail.

It did not run down to the shore where they had landed, but apparently at the point of the island, facing the opening of the Gulf. They stopped and looked at it.

"Do you suppose old Jacques made all that?" asked Lafe.

"Too wide?"

"And too hard, Mr. Askew. This has been stamped out this summer. And Jacques has only been here a week, at most."

"Then——?" asked Hilary.

"Somebody else has been on the island all summer, or at least most of the summer. Maybe two or three of them. It looks like it."

"If any one had been here hunting——" Hilary began.

"There ain't any hunting here, except hares and foxes, and nobody wants their skins in summer. And anyway the undergrowth's been too thick till the last frost or any one to see 'em."

THEY had reached a little spot beside the trail where the trees, opening, disclosed a view of the widening Gulf, with the north shore winding into the hazy distance. In the middle of the channel between this coast and the island, coming from the direction of Ste. Marie, apparently intending to round the point and make the south shore, was a small schooner, having the front mast higher than the back, as is usual with many of this class of craft on the St. Lawrence. Lafe looked at it and growled; this was one of his grievances.

"I guess we don't want to stop here," he said.

They followed the trail thru the forest. Hilary surveyed the timber with a good deal of interest. There was a quantity of spruce and pine, but scattered among fir and clusters of paper-bark birch, which had sprung up many years before after a fire which had eaten an irregular course thru the island. It was evident that no special advantages were to be obtained by cutting here until the mainland tract was exhausted. Lafe concurred in this opinion.

It was growing dark among the trees, tho the sun still hung over the western hills. The trail, as they went on, became wider and more clearly defined. The ground grew rockier, and the trees sparser and smaller. It was nearly all birch and juniper now; then even this yielded to spongy, open ground littered with the dead branches of sheep-laurel and azalea tangles. A hummocky tract indicated the beginnings of the central ridge. Presently they were ascending over the granite, bowlder-strewn back of the island. Over the trees the sun appeared again, gilding the windows of the parish church of St. Boniface.

The trail had disappeared. They were now scrambling up a gulley between great rocks that towered on either side of them. At the top of the elevation appeared the point of the island, and the face of the great cliff, cleft into numerous fissures, some widening into small caves.

They had described a half-circle, and were near the southeastern angle of the isle, with a thin fringe of pines between them and the water.

Suddenly Lafe gripped Hilary's arm and pointed. Thru the scrub they could see Jacques Brousseau coming out of an aperture in the cliff, a deep but narrow cleft that opened toward the base into a wide recess.

Jacques saw them at the same time and stood motionless. The impression he conveyed was that of endeavoring to conceal his presence by immobility; and in fact his figure, blended with the patches upon the rocks, would hardly have been discernible but for the sun, which flared upon him thru the trees.

As Lafe and Hilary advanced he seemed to be galvanized into life. He rushed toward them, screaming, his face convulsed with fury.

Not a word of the old man's ravings was intelligible to either, but one thing was self-evident: Jacques wanted to keep them out of the cave, and was threatening violence unless they turned away.

Hilary cast his eyes about to ascertain the cause of the old man's fury. He saw, near the cave's mouth, a large slab of granite, and a heavy hammer lying beside it.

"Let's see what he's got there," he said. "It doesn't look like traps to me."

Jacques, perceiving his intention, rushed at Hilary, his arms outstretched, his fists whirling. He was quite beside himself; his contorted, senile face, the mumbling, toothless mouth resembled some hideous mask. Hilary stepped quickly aside out of his path, and, as Jacques plunged forward, caught him about the body, holding down his arms.

Old Jacques was wiry, but his muscles, hardened tho they were by a life spent in the open, were atrophied with age. There was strength in those slender, iron-like cords that ridged the lean flesh, but not staying strength. For a few moments Hilary could hardly hold him, but then the old man, exhausted, ceased to struggle. He sank to the ground thru Hilary's arms and began to moan like a wounded animal. When Hilary released him he made no effort to bar the way any longer. He crouched, muttering, among the rocks, his arms over his head.

"He's saying something about his son," said Lafe, whose quick ears had caught the word.

Hilary listened, but he could make nothing of the disconnected exclamations, uttered in the most unintelligible patois. Old Jacques went on mumbling, apparently oblivious of their presence. They left him there and went toward the cave.

The sun, now very low, shone full into the interior. It revealed a cavernous depth, whose recesses were lost in gloom, a high arch, and the remnants of many fires on the granite slabs that paved it almost as regularly as those of a city sidewalk. Somebody had camped here for a long time—possibly Jacques, tho he must have burned a whole cord of wood, to judge from the charred remnants that were scattered everywhere.

"Look!" shouted Lafe, pointing.

A little deeper in the cave, and visible only because they were immediately illuminated by the setting sun, were three beds of pine branches, the top layer still green. Bundled up near them were blankets.

The ground was covered with fragments of some sort of ore, and a trail of chips and dust led out of the mouth of the cave into another recess among the rocks. Among the brambles, under a roughly constructed roof, was a small hand machine, consisting in the main of two steel rollers, white with crushed rock.

"Looks like a hand flour-mill," said Lafe. "I thought maybe it might be gold. But it ain't gold. Alluvial's washed in a stream, and quartz gold has to be got with cyanide."

A pick next caught their eyes. Somebody, or party, rather, had been working at the rocks, apparently to take samples of some ore; but there was certainly no gold in the Laurentian granite.

Suddenly Lafe uttered an exclamation and, stooping down, picked up a matted handful of some fibrous, wool-like material that had been stuffed into a cleft. He pulled out yet another handful, and more and more—stiff wool, yet of a stony consistency—spun stone, if such a thing were possible.

"Rock flax!" he exclaimed. "I seen it down Thetford way years ago, Mr. Askew. Look there! The cliff's alive with it!"

"Asbestos!" cried Hilary.

"A regular asbestos quarry!" said Lafe. "There's thousands of dollars' worth in here. Look at it!"

HILARY could see now that the coarse fibers ran thru the side of the cliff in every direction. They were so blended with the mottled stone that he had not even noticed them.

"That accounts for everything," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Askew. I guess Brousseau wasn't paying all those hands at Ste. Marie and pretending to work his limits just to jump your timber rights. I knew he had something up his sleeve, but I didn't know what. I knew there wasn't no gold round here."

"So that's why he wants to get me out of the way."

"That's the whole game, sir. He knew you'd hit upon this mine sooner or later, tho he'd left the island off the map of the seigniory. Lord, what a fool I was not to have known!"

"There's more to it than that, Lafe. Why he tried to draw us off the scent on the subject of the river boundary. He thought that if he could get into a fight with us over that we wouldn't be thinking of the island. And this mine belongs to Rosny. No wonder Brousseau wants the seignory!"

"It's as good as a play," said Lafe.

"It gives us the trump card," said Hilary. "It means that he'll lose his hold over him, and—well, Lafe I feel too happy to say any more about it."

Lafe grabbed him by the hand. "We've won," he said ecstatically. "And now I guess we'd best he starting for the boat."

It had grown suddenly twilight; the sun had gone down behind the mountains. They turned to retrace their steps. Suddenly Lafe grasped Hilary and dragged him aside. An instant later something crashed to the earth at his side.

It was the head of the pick. As Hilary stared about him in bewilderment, he heard a crashing, as of some animal, among the bushes. He discerned old Jacques Brousseau, bounding away like a great hare. He was out of sight in a moment, and the rustling suddenly ceased.

Lafe swore. "He tried to murder you, sir," he exclaimed. "Must have stole up and got that pick under our noses. And I saw nothing till he was right behind you."

"I'll have the old man arrested," said Hilary. "I guess his brain's turned by the solitude."

"Solitude nothing," answered Lafe scornfully. "That was plain murder in his heart, Mr. Askew. He's watchman here for his son. That's what's the matter with him."

They retraced their steps along the trail. It was a nervous experience, with the thought that old Jacques might be lurking in the bushes nearby. However, by the time they reached the little open space they satisfied themselves that he was not following them.

"We've passed our landing-place," said Hilary.

Looking out across the gray waters he perceived, close at hand, and apparently beached on the shore, the white sail of a sloop. It seemed to be the vessel which they had seen earlier that afternoon, tacking toward the south shore.

The men looked at each other, and the same unspoken question was in the eyes of each. Then Lafe grabbed Hilary by the shoulders.

"See here!" he said. "We ain't going to stay and fight Brousseau's gang just for the fun of it. I guess it's Pierre and Leblanc in that boat all right, and that they're on their way home. We beat it for ours as hard as we can go—see? You ain't fit to do no more fighting anyway," he pleaded. "And I won't, no matter what happens—that's straight

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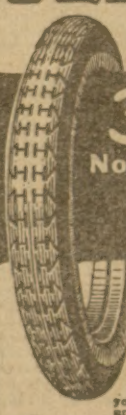

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to you. I'll fight any man with fists if I got to, but I'm darned if I'll stand up against that scum with camp knives."

"You're quite right, Lafe," answered Hilary. "Come, let's go to the boat as quick as we can."

But as they started there rang out a woman's cry. Again came the scream; and in an instant, forgetful of their resolution, they had turned and raced back along the trail.

CHAPTER XX.

DEEP WATER.

NOT many steps, and, breaking thru the trees, they saw Marie Dupont struggling in Pierre's arms, while Leblanc and Nanette stood near them, laughing.

Lafe leaped at Pierre, and his bony fist caught the outlaw beneath the chin. Pierre went down in a heap. Hilary made for Leblanc, whose expression would, under other circumstances, have been comical in its surprise.

He turned upon the clinging girl and knocked her down savagely. Then, without another glance at Hilary, he made for the sloop.

Leaving Pierre where he had fallen, Lafe joined in the pursuit. But Leblanc had several yards' start, and his experience of Hilary's prowess lent wings to his feet. He plunged into the water and, by a miracle of strength, swung the sloop clear of the sand on which she had been beached. As the vessel was carried clear by the swift-flowing tide, the ex-jobber scrambled aboard, dripping, and pushed off with the oar. Lafe and Hilary stood, baffled, upon the brink of the water, while Leblanc, at an ever increasing distance, began to put up the sail, shouting back defiant curses meanwhile.

They heard a sound of feet upon the shingle behind them, and turned quickly. It was Pierre, but he was bolting for the woods. They ran at him, but he had gained the shelter of the trees, and it was growing too dark to follow. They heard him breaking thru the dry underbrush. They stopped and looked back. Leblanc was now quite a distance from the island, and making for the north shore upon the incoming tide.

There came a stealthy sound from among the trees, and the distorted, weather-tanned face of Jacques Brousseau peered out at them. It disappeared, but the sight reminded them that the trail to the boat was almost invisible.

"Let's go," said Hilary, and he took Marie gently by the arm. She was crouching upon the beach, and as he raised her she looked at him as if she did not know who he was or what he was doing there. But she went with him obediently, and Lafe followed with Nanette, whose lip was bloody from Leblanc's blow.

If Pierre or Brousseau lurked near in the darkness, he did not venture within reach of Lafe's and Hilary's fists. They reached the landing-place at last. Louis was seated upon the sand beside the boat, looking anxiously thru the pines.

"Ah, Monsieur!" he began, as Hilary approached. Then, seeing Marie, he broke off suddenly. But as Lafe came into view with Nanette the little man's face wrinkled into a smile that spread to his ears.

"Ah, Messieurs!" he protested in mock concern, raising his hands before his face.

"Shut up!" said Lafe angrily.

"Ah, Monsieur Connell, I am discreet. And where do we land? I say nothing, understand me."

Hilary interrupted just as Lafe was growing angry.

"You'll go to St. Boniface, of course," he said. "Is the tide running in?"

"Oui, Monsieur Askew. It will be a crowded boat, but we can make it. But it is to St. Boniface wharf that we go?"

"Of course it is. Where did you suppose we were going?"

Louis shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he answered. "You pay an' I sail. All right?"

"Yes, but you aren't paid for gabbing," said Hilary. "Keep your mouth shut——"

"Assuredly you can trust me, Monsieur. I shall say no——"

"Confound you, I mean keep your tongue quiet now. Didn't you see that other boat—O, never mind. Give your hand to Mademoiselle Dupont."

The tide was running fairly for St. Boniface. It was almost dark now, but the wind died away and the stars were brilliant. Hilary, taking off his overcoat, wrapped it about Marie. The girl's bewilderment had yielded to abject gratitude. She raised Hilary's hand to her lips and pressed it. Beside her Nanette, wrapped in Lafe's waterproof, was sobbing wildly and wiping her wounded lip. The words that passed were drowned in the sound of the lapping waves before they reached the ears of Louis, at the tiller.

"Now, what happened?" asked Hilary of Marie. "Tell me, and we'll clap those ruffians into jail, I assure you. How did they get you into that boat?"

Marie sobbed out her explanation; but when Hilary gathered, with difficulty from the broken words, stammered in French, that she had gone aboard with Pierre to marry him in Quebec, he could hardly believe his ears.

"And your father knows nothing of this?" he inquired, when she had ended.

"He knows nothing, Monsieur. Ah, Monsieur you saved me before, and I—I was ungrateful. Promise me, swear to me that he shall never know."

"And you, Nanette," continued Hilary, addressing the weeping girl, "what have you to say, who lured her here, knowing this?"

"I did not know, Monsieur," cried Nanette. "Pierre told me that if I bring her he would get me back my sweetheart."

"Leblanc, eh?"

"Oui, Monsieur. Then he take me to Quebec, and we get married. And he promised me a wedding-ring of gold, Monsieur."

"And he told you that he was going to marry Marie?"

"Oui, Monsieur, we all go to Quebec together. Only just before we land he tell me that we stay on the island together first, and have a holiday."

"Nanette, Leblanc never intended to marry you," said Hilary. "They were using you to get Marie into Pierre's power. Nanette——"

He bent toward her and touched her on the shoulder. She looked up at him, her lips quivering, her face pathetic as a scolded child's.

Another installment of this story is coming next week.

❦ ❦ ❦

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Double Cross Word Enigma.

324—This enigma is to be answered by the names of two States. The first letters of both States are to be found in "daytime," the second letters of both States in "hearing" and so on.

My firsts are in daytime but not in night.

My seconds are in hearing but not in sight.

My thirds are in allure but not in invite.

My fourths are in any but not in some.

My fifths are in worthless but not in scum.

My sixths are in banana but not in plum.

My sevenths are in journey but not in way.

My eighths are in bluebird but not in jay.

My wholes are the names of two of the United States.

—

Concealed Names.

325—In each of the following sentences a feminine name is concealed. When these names have been rightly guessed and written one below another the initial letters will spell a name that is honored thruout the world.

1. Caesar, a high-tempered collie, was stupid, despite his name.
2. He lent his brother money to buy a coat.
3. Is the man native to this place?
4. His greedy brother Jack ate all the candy.
5. The exquisite emblem, made in America, will soon be received.
6. James likes us and our friends as well.
7. Billy's papa, melancholy and dejected, would not listen to us.
8. When she went West her niece went with her.
9. William, a Belgian boy, has been adopted by my uncle.
10. Mrs. Flynn will scrub your floor for you.
11. She sewed narrow ribbons on the lamp shade. —St. Nicholas.

—

Four-word Square.

326—1. A long-eared timid beast.
2. An adjective meaning dry.
3. Mature.
4. A celebrated garden.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

321—Numerical Enigma.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Cross words: 1. Unicorn. 2. Henry. 3. Whale. 4. Weasel. 5. Haste. 6. East. 7. Date.

—

322—Acrostic.

Garnet. Crosswords: 1. Guest. 2. Another. 3. Racket. 4. Nest. 5. Emery. 6. Tennis.

—

323—Four-word Square.

M A S K
A L A N
S A G O
K N O T

—

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

❦ ❦ ❦

For an Emergency.

TO REVIVE a person rescued from drowning turn face downward, remove clothing. Hold up ankles to let water run out of stomach and lungs. Then commence artificial respiration by pressing in on the ribs with the weight of the body. When breathing commences give hot drinks and apply heat.

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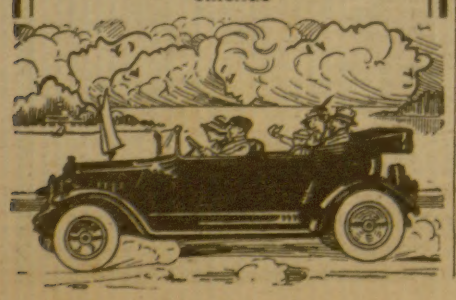

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PILE PAIN RELIEF STOPS THE AGONY. Don't suffer longer with piles. Send for free sample right now. McCally, Box 115, Chicago, Ill.

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LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

FORTUNES MADE IN THIS BUSINESS. Small capital needed. Openings everywhere. Complete theater outfits sold on easy payments. Experience not required. Catalog free. Monarch Theater Supply Co., Dept. H, 724 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE

FIELD OR OPERA GLASSES AT SPECIAL low price for next 30 days. Excellent quality lenses. Fine workmanship throughout. Handy carrying case. Sure to satisfy men, women and children. Will last life time with proper care. Price only $1.25. Send money order when ordering. Arthur Co., Dept. B, 2814 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

OLD COINS

$2,500.00 FOR ONE DOLLAR. MR. MANning of Albany, N. Y., received this amount from us for one silver dollar. You may not have this dollar but we buy all other rare coins and pay high cash premiums. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It will pay you to be posted. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Tex.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

FARM WANTED

FARM WANTED. SEND DESCRIPTION and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

HOMESTEAD LANDS

FREE HOMESTEAD LAND, HEALTHFUL Ozarks, raise corn, cotton, vegetables, fruit. Deer, turkey, fishing. Particulars free. Maurice B. Decker, Norfork, Ark.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROcery store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested. Take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

SALESMEN ACT QUICK. TEN PATENTED auto necessities. Spark plugs, visors, windshield cleaners, hose clamps, etc. Generous commissions. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 114, Sta. C, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS WANTED

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders—300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "sight sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 88, 1302-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN QUICK TO make $75.00 to $100.00 a week taking orders for Comer All-Weather coats. McCrary averaged $120 a week, made $6,100 last year. Barnes made $523 in 30 days. Pengo took 3 orders in an hour. $10.00 a day spare time. New fall and early 1923 styles. Wonderful bargains direct from factory to wearer. No delivering or collecting. We tell you what to say, where to go, how to make big money. Sample coat free to hustlers. Write quick for liberal offer. The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-188, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS: REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. NOT sold in stores. Two coats in one. Something brand new. Saves price of expensive overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. You take orders. We ship and collect. Pay you daily. Emil Thor made $84 in one week. No experience necessary. No capital required. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 809 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

SALESMEN—AGENTS! UNUSUAL OPPORtunity. $50 to $125 weekly. Semiautomatic double Vaccup Washers, easily attached to tub. No cleats or posts; air pressure and suction. Superior to power machines in many ways. Easily carried; sells on sight. Guaranteed success. Selling plans, advertising free. Extremely liberal terms. Write Burlingame Mfg. Co., Dept. 19, Syracuse, N. Y.

TAILORING SALESMEN: MAKE $75.00 A week selling our strictly all-wool made-to-measure suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat and side-line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Goodwear, Chicago, Inc., Dept. 162, Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT MEN TAKING ORDERS FOR Insyde Tyres. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Give double tire mileage—any tire, old or new. Use over and over again. Old worn out casings give 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. Enormous demand. Low priced. Spare time or full time, $6 to $12 a day. Write for agency. American Accessories Co., B-513, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS: WE PAY $72 A WEEK TAKING orders for reversible raincoats. Something brand new. Easiest seller ever introduced. No capital required. You take the orders, we deliver and collect and pay your commission on same day. Saves customer over $20. Write quick. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 1711, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—MAKE $60 TO $100 WEEKLY selling Coffield tire protectors. Prevents punctures and blowouts, doubles mileage. Easily applied; no cement or tools required. Absolute 3-year guarantee. Big commissions. Lansing made $562 in July; Ackerman made $519. No capital required. Write Coffield Tire Protector Co., 259 Court St., Dayton, Ohio.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

RISK A POSTAL AND LEARN HOW TO start profitable business without capital or experience. $69 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36-68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—NEW WAYNE CUSTOM MADE all-weather coats in gaberdines, whipcords and novelty tweeds, pay $60—$100 weekly. Sell like wildfire because only rainproof cloth coats made. Experience unnecessary. Write today. Wayne Company, Dept. B, 9 West 24th St., New York.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1,000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES —Free auto; big weekly bonus; $1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7 piece solid aluminum handle cutlery set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23K, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

JACO SANITARY STROPS SELL ON sight to everyone using combs. Three dozen $3.60 delivered; easily sell for $9.00. $5.40 profit sure every day. Get particulars quick. Jay Company, 103 Jay Building, Washington, New Jersey.

AGENTS: ENORMOUS PROFITS, PERMAnent repeat business, exclusive territory, selling highest quality products at low prices. Cocoanut Oil Shampoo retails 50c bottle, costs $1 dozen. Soaps, perfumes, extracts, etc. B., Verdina Co., 16 East 13th, New York.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, frames, sheet pictures, paper mache frames, waterproof aprons, gold window letters. Lowest prices, prompt shipments, 30 days' credit. Samples, catalog free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk B-1, Chicago.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, QUICK FOR exclusive territory. 240 foods, household necessities. New—sell on sight. Big profits. Hard made $62.05 in 3½ hours. Get our free sample case offer. Dept. 2, E. C. Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

WE NEED MORE MEN TO BECOME FIRE protection experts. We teach you free and show you how to make $10.00 to $20.00 a day right in your own neighborhood. Write today. The Fyr-Fyter Co., 901 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 62, Fairfield, Iowa.

LIGHTNING—STRANGE BATTERY COMpound startles the world, better than sulphuric acid, charges discharged batteries instantly, gallon free to agents. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

AMBITIOUS MEN, WRITE TODAY FOR ATtractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazine. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

AGENTS. SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY Soap, 150 other household necessities. Big line. Big profits. Quick repeaters. Free instruction. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. H, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN, Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS—BEST-LOOKING, biggest value. Manufacturer to wearer. Every order nets profit $1.50-$2.25. Write for winning sales plan. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863-B, Third Ave., New York.

27,000 RECORDS GUARANTEED WITH one Everplay phonograph needle; new, different; cannot injure records; $10.00 daily easy. Free sample to workers. Everplay, Desk 911, McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

GREATEST SENSATION! ELEVEN-PIECE soap and toilet set, selling like blazes for $1.75 with $1 dressmaker's shears free to each customer; other unique plans. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

$50,000 PROFITS IN PORTRAITS. CANvassing spiel, samples free and finance you. 24 hour service, prints, portraits, frames. Friedman's Studio, Dept. 1, 673 Madison, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY. SELL SHOLL water proof aprons, specialties, Saneteen vanity cases. Wonderful sellers. Constant repeaters. Sholl Rubber Products, 2708 No. Western, Chicago, Ill.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS $25.00 A WEEK FOR SPARE TIME. Suits $13.45, pants $3.45 up. Money back guarantee. Guaranteed quality. Line well known. Samples free. Write Chicago Tailors Association, Dept. 109, Chicago.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY, $8 TO $16 A DAY. Aluminum handle cutlery set. Brand new. You display and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample free. Try it out. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1615, Dayton, Ohio.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E56, Attica, N. Y.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

AGENTS—SELL MEN AND WOMEN SHOES. 40 styles. No delivery or collection. Big money. Write for catalog. Samples. Marshall Shoe Co., 171 Whitehall, Atlanta, Ga.

RUMMAGE SALES MAKE $50.00 DAILY. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors," Dept. 40, 609 Division street, Chicago.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE MAKES PREmier Sharpener fastest seller. Hundreds getting rich. You can. Write Premier Mfg. Co., 803 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED TO TAKE ORDERS FOR U. S. Army officers' and civilian shoes. At factory prices. United States Army Shoe Corp., Dept. R, Westfield, Massachusetts.

AGENTS. FIFTY-FIVE FAST SELLERS; needed in every home. $5 to $15 a day easily made. B. & G. Rubber Co., 618 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., Dept. 198.

AGENTS: MAKE 100%, TOILET ARTICLES, perfumes, extracts, household necessities. Sample case free. LaDerma Co., Dept. B, Main & Walnut, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS SEPT.-October. Clerkships $120 monthly. Experience unnecessary. For free list positions now open, write J. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

WANTED: RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $135 month. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS HELP. MEN —women over 17. $92-$190 month. Steady. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J26, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $200. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; experience unnecessary; particulars free. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write. American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

WANTED—MEN-BOYS. $35 WEEK. BEcome automobile experts. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—WOMEN—BECOME GOWN DEsigners. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 505, Rochester, N. Y.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange, Ind.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS

TYPEWRITERS. BARGAINS; TRIAL; payments; guaranteed. Agents wanted, everything furnished. Yotz Typewriter Co., Shawnee, Kansas.

DOGS

HOUNDS FOR SALE; WELL TRAINED FOR coons and skunks. Real treers, prices and ages right. Will please you. For full particulars, write P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

PERSONAL

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD—EVENTS REvealed with remarkable accuracy with Psycho fortune telling cards; new and fascinating medium; valuable daily guide; advises, entertains. Prepaid with directions, one dollar. Special offer! Valuable extensive life reading given free. Write now. Send full baptismal name, birth date, with order. Psycho Studios, Dept. B, St. Petersburg, Fla.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LADY, 57, OWNS LARGE RANCH, WOULD marry. A. Elite Alliance, Toledo, Ohio.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

GERMANS, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN, IF you desire a real little German wife, one who knows how to operate a frying pan, write me. English or German. (Stamp.) George Grigoleit, 20 East Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots, $10.00; superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 267½ West 7th, St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results. Write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 755, San Francisco, Calif.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MARRY — MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MIDDLE AGE WIDOW, WORTH $6,000. Owns grocery and dwelling, desires honest, loyal husband. Mrs. P., care Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

WORLD'S LEADING MATRIMONIAL CLUB —Thousands worth $5,000 to $400,000, willing to marry. List free. Honorable. Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

DR. ROWE'S SERIAL 4, LATEST ON heart, kidney, urinary diseases; important information; postage 4c; send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

GET ACQUAINTED—MARRY WELL. Ladies and gentlemen everywhere will exchange jolly letters. List free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

AMERICA'S BEST MATRIMONIAL PAPER, photos, names, addresses, 25c. 3,000 correspondents. Sophie K. Girard, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

MARRY WELL. BEST MATRIMONIAL agency. Many wealthy members. Free particulars. The Mistletoe Club, Polytechnic, Texas.

WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY, PRETTY girl or handsome gentleman? If sincere write Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida. Enclose stamp.

THOUSANDS AFFECTIONATE LADIES want husbands. Descriptions, introductions, particulars free. Sealed. Many wealthy. Hall's Club, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN HUSbands. Introductions, 25c. "Clare, 16, Cambridge St., London, S., England.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANdinavian Club, 2724 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS! WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

HAVE TRUE FRIENDS EVERYWHERE, receive letters, postcards, pictures, sample 10c. Evergreen Magazine, Reynoldsville, Pa.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

BUSINESS MAN; GOOD HEALTH; SOME wealth. Ladies write me. Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

ARE YOU LONELY? WRITE DORIS DAWN, 10602 Saint Clair, Cleveland, Ohio. Enclose envelope, please.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

WEALTHY CALIFORNIA BACHELOR, 43, wants wife. E-Box 25, League, Toledo, Ohio.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY. WRITE me, marry wealth. Mr. Hyde, Box 305, 86, San Francisco, Calif.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published; free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

LONESOME—GET CORRESPONDENCE PAper—20th year. Names, addresses, descriptions, pictures, 25c. Box 3317, Boston, Mass.

WOULD YOU MARRY LADY WORTH $80,-000, pretty? Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 25 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 25. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago Ill

Mrs. E. Cox (Eliza Meredith), Box 55, Caledonia, Ont., Canada, wishes to hear from, or concerning uncle, Jacob Ralphs, 66 years old. Last heard from in Pittsburgh, U. S. A. Visited his sister at Pontypool, Man., England, about 1900. Height, 5 ft., 8 in.; dark complexion; impediment in speech. Occupation, collier. Formerly of Pengraeg, Rhondda Val-

FREE! Hearth Rug FREE

WITH 9×12 FT. Seamless Brussels Rug

$1 With Order

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

No description by word or picture can do justice to this fine rug. You must see it, you must handle it, you must have it on your own floor to fully realize its beauty, its charm, its quality. I want this rug to be its own salesman. I want to send it to you on 30 Days' Free Trial to use as your own at My Risk. If your satisfaction is not complete—or if for any reason in the world you wish to do so—you may return the rug, after a whole month's use. The trial will not cost you a penny. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges without quibble, question, delay or formality. Sign the coupon, send it and $1. The rug will soon be on its way to you.

Free Hearth Rug
A Prize to the Prompt

This 27 x 52 inch Tapestry Brussels Hearth Rug is of the same quality, the same materials, and the same colorings as the 9 x 12 ft. room rug described on this page. It matches the big rug exactly. When used in the same room, the two will harmonize perfectly. This Free Hearth Rug is a Prize to the Prompt. To get it you must send in your order promptly. Both rugs will be sent together. Send in your order today.

Price Last Year $39.95

Special Price Now $24.95

Easy Monthly Payments

The former price of this Fine Rug was $39.95 — and without the Free Hearth Rug of course. You would have been satisfied to pay this higher cost. Now that I have Slashed $15.00 from the price and am including the Free Hearth Rug besides, this offer is a Tremendous Bargain that you cannot afford to miss. **Size:** Full Room Size, 9 x 12 ft. **Material and Quality:** Brussels of extra good grade. Genuine, high-quality wool worsted face, with heavy back. The worsted yarns are carefully selected. Made entirely in one piece and without a single seam. A rich-looking rug that will give many years of satisfactory service. **Design:** A floral pattern with a touch of the oriental; dainty, yet distinctive. The handsome center medallion is made more beautiful by the exquisite pastel effects of varying shades. Then there are the lavishly beautiful scrolls and floral field. **Colors:** Blue and Tan predominate in this beautiful design. The strikingly individual medallion is in 4 shades of handsome blue, brown, rose and old gold. The main ground is a wonderfully beautiful blending of soft rich tans and ivory in a moiré effect. The outer scrolls and large clusters of roses in the corners are in natural colors and gold. The semi-oriental border is in blue and tan. These colors are guaranteed to be absolutely fast and will not run or fade. This is a rug for any room in the house: bed-room, dining-room, living-room, library or parlor. It will harmonize with any kind of furniture. Former price, $39.95. Fill out and send the coupon today. **Order No. PA5050. Terms: $1 with order, $2 Monthly. Total Price $24.95.**

"I Will Trust You Gladly"
of Pittsburgh

Nathaniel Spear
President

SPEAR & CO.

Dept. C-4 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers for the People of America

Big FREE Book

My new Catalog is now ready. It is Big! It is Beautiful! It is Free! From cover to cover it pictures and describes a Wonderful Stock, a Great Variety of Furniture and Furnishings. It will give you Thousands of Ideas for making your home brighter, better, happier.

One of the reasons why Thousands get all their furnishings from me is that You Don't Buy from pictures when You Deal with Spear. Everything I sell is sent on 30 Days' Free Trial—with a Money-Back Bond. This means that no matter what you order, that article must be its own salesman for a whole month right in your own home before you decide to buy.

ASTOUNDING BARGAINS

Do you want to see a Tremendous Array of Astounding Bargains? Do you want to be Satisfied that you need wait no longer for Prices to Come Down? Then, send for my Free Book of the Biggest Bargains—Send for it Today. Just a few minutes with this book will prove that the time has at last arrived for you to BUY RIGHT provided you Deal with Spear. Sending for my catalog does not obligate you to buy anything.

Guaranteed Savings

of 30 to 50% on

Furniture	Lamps
Bedding	Enameled Cooking Sets
Springs	Aluminum Ware
Mattresses	Refrigerators
Bed Spreads	Washing Machines
Rugs	Sewing Machines
Carpets	Guns
Linoleum	Silverware
Lace Curtains	Clocks
Portieres	Cameras
Dishes	Victrolas
Baby Carriages	Etc.
Glassware	
Stoves	
Ranges	

SPEAR & CO., Dept. C-4, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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